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NEW EDITION.—ONE SHILLING.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE,  
OR  
**MALVERN PUNCH,**

COMPOUNDED OF

SPIRITS AND WATER,

AND FLAVOURED WITH

THINGS GEOGRAPHICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL AND LAUGHICAL,  
HISTORICAL, ALLEGORICAL, AND METAPHORICAL, GEOLOGICAL,  
PHYSIOLOGICAL, AND LOGICAL.

THE WHOLE PURIFIED, LIQUIFIED, AND INTENSIFIED

BY J. B. ODDFISH, ESQ., M. P., L. L. D.,

*(Malvern Patient, Doctor of Laughs and Liquids.)*

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIMSELF.



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*Ridentem quid dicere virum vitat?—HORACE.  
Dulce est desipere in loco.—IBID.  
“E’en wisdom’s self may sometimes smile.”*

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## Dedication.

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To you my dear SELF I dedicate this interesting offspring of my literary and philosophical genius. I confer upon you this honour the more readily that no one else is likely to be desirous of it. Besides, fortunately, no one knows me better than you, and you have always been able to discover more merit in me and my works than any one else could, and to appreciate my wit when nobody else would. Like other progeny, this will doubtless make a noise in the world, especially when going through the different processes of the water treatment—will laugh, cry, and kick up its heels, sometimes with, and sometimes without, either rhyme or reason. Like all precocious juveniles, it will, however, be most appreciated at home. Confident, my dear self, that this work will meet your approval, and hoping that it may conduce to the “Health and Pleasure” of your friends, I remain, with a high sense of your worth, and with profound respect,

Yours very affectionately,

J. B. O.

Hall of Health,  
Feast of St. Aquarius,  
1863.





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# HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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### CHAPTER I.—MALVERN PUNCH.

The Doctor tries with all his art  
To cure an impression on the heart ;  
But if life were gone within an inch,  
What would bring him back like a jug of punch ?

*Irish Ballad.*

Ah ! what indeed ? My friend and countryman, Samuel Lover, waits for a reply, and so would I wait, but that I should keep my readers waiting also.

“ Spirit to spirit,” says Tennyson ; “ Grog,” says Dibdin ; “ Wine,” says Anacreon and Moore ; “ Whiskey,” says Burns ; but “ Punch,” say I—Punch mixed in Malvern, according to the invaluable recipe which I am about to give in the following pages ; the various articles of which I shall lay before my readers, if not in the precise order specified, at least in due season, and, like Soyer, explain the nature of each constituent.

Briefly then, I may state that Malvern Punch means health and pleasure, at least most of those who have indulged in libations of it agree in opinion that such are the results to which it leads after a longer or shorter residence in this far-famed resort of invalids.

Malvern is unquestionably the principal seat of hydro-pathic practice, or "water treatment," in England.

I feel that I could do more justice to "The Metropolis of the Water Cure," and the other subjects involved in it, were it not that nearly everything connected with these interesting themes has been jotted, time after time, by others than myself; and unfortunately I have read most of their jottings. I say unfortunately, for it occurs to me that some of the happy hits that struck them would have struck me also, had I not seen them in print. To use them now would be a literary crime, at which the point of my pen sickens. Generally speaking, the less a man has read upon a subject, or the less he understands it, the more pompously can he write or speak about it. Hence it is that we are so well supplied with splendid and eloquent sermons and essays upon charity, brotherly love, etc.

Now, as I have paid for certain books, I consider I have a right to appropriate certain portions of their contents, so long as I use the insignia of legitimate literary theft—inverted commas. Hear, then, what Bulwer Lytton says, "The air of Malvern is in itself hygeian; the water is immemorably celebrated for its purity; the landscape is a

perpetual pleasure to the eye; the mountains furnish the exercise most suited to the cure. 'One must have mountains' is the saying of Priessnitz, 'the principal founder of hydropathy.'"

We have hundreds of testimonials to the same effect, but I shall not trouble my readers with quotations, feeling assured that they will take my word for it that Malvern is one of those spots that seem to have been stolen out of Eden by some pitying angel, and deposited—like the angel's own visits—in places "few and far between." The window at which I write looks down upon the Vale of the Severn, and up at the Malvern Hills, which look down upon all as "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea." Of the vale of the Severn, I can only say that though I have never seen the Vale of Cashmere, "with its roses, the brightest the world ever gave," *I have* seen most of the principal vales in Great Britain and Ireland, including Moore's verse bepraised, "Vale of Avoca," County Wicklow, Ireland; Ettrick Vale, in Scotland, chiefly celebrated by the poetry of an unpoetic name—Hogg, known as the Ettrick Shepherd; the Vale of Clwyd and the Vale of Llangollen, where lived Edward Morgan, who informs us, through the deathless medium of verse, of his love for Miss Jenny Jones, spinster. But of all the vales that ever I drove through on business or pleasure, or was driven through by extravagance and folly, or tramped through at my own expense, or that of my friends, commend me to the rich, luxuriant, and flowery



Vale of the Severn. And of all the hills that ever I climbed (and I have climbed many, including the hill of difficulty) commend me to the Malvern Hills. I have seen grar! old Skiddaw, mirrored in the lakes circling its base. I have shouted "my name is Norval," when standing on the Grampian Hills (but knew nothing of "my father's flocks," save of one stray sheep). I have seen the Dublin Bay from the Hill of Howth; tasted "mountain dew" on Ben Nevis; and read the "Lady of the Lake" on Ben Lomond; while fancy heard the "whistle shrill" of Roderick, with

"These are clan Alpine warriors true,  
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."—

I have stood on Lochnagar repeating

"England, thy beauties are tame and domestic,  
To one who has roamed o'er the mountain afar;  
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,  
The steep frowning glories of dark Lochnagar."

I have seen those hills in youth and health, when hope was as high as their own summits, and bright as the sun that illumed them, yet the Malvern Hills, though seen in sickness and sorrow, seemed, and still seem to me, fairer, grander, dearer than all others. Yes, there they are, piled one above another—nature's mountain thrones, from which, entranced, she surveys some of her fairest handy work: And the town, or that palatial collection of buildings called Great Malvern, for it is a libel to call it a town. It is not a town. There are neither streets, nor houses, nor people in it, to constitute that salmagundi thing called a town.

In place of streets there are crescents, promenades, terraces, &c. In place of people—there *are* no people here—the people are the great unwashed. All here are the great well washed ladies and gentlemen, and those made expressly for their use. In place of houses there are fairy-like palaces, like those we read of in the Arabian Nights, and Bulwer's Lady of Lyons, each peeping

“From out a glossy bower

Of coolest foliage musical with birds.”

I fear this is more poetical than descriptive, but who, with any poetry in him, could pen a mere prosaic description, in view of such scenery as I behold through the window every time I replenish my pen with ink—scenery, a single peep at which is more muse-inspiring than a month's flirtation with the Muses on Mount Parnassus. Most of the objects of interest in Malvern I propose to leave for future consideration. I must, however, notice the church, one of the noblest buildings of the middle ages.

The writer of the “Handbook of Malvern” informs us that “the more ancient parts of the building are of early Norman Architecture, but the rest of the building is in the *pointed* style of Henry the Eighth.” What he means by the pointed style of that monarch I scarcely know. Henry's was certainly rather a pointed or sharp style—his “headings,” at all events, were capitally executed. The best idea I can give of Malvern Church is by saying that it is built in the old Roman Catholic style, and rebuilt, repaired, decorated, and ornamented in the true style of opulent,

Protestant magnificence. Some of the windows exhibit fine specimens of the now nearly extinct art of glass staining, and one of them was presented by Richard the Third, though Shakespeare does not give the act. Our forefathers certainly surpassed us in the art of glass staining and the building of large churches. Never mind, perhaps we have stains enough in our churches, and we certainly lead them in glass *draining*, and in the building of poor-law unions, jails, and lunatic asylums. As "the Monks of old were a jolly race, and lived on the daintiest cheer," they were of course adepts in the art of *carving*. Specimens of their proficiency may still be seen under the seats of their stalls. One artistic gem represents three rats in the act of hanging a cat, intended, no doubt, to ratify their condemnation of such catastrophes as capital punishments. Another object of interest to the lovers of the Antique is the Priory Arch, in the corner of which resides Mrs. Clay, who, her signboard informs us, was "Sausage Maker to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent." Mrs. Clay, one of the ministers of the interior; but oh, the instability of human greatness—the ups and downs of the Court genus and artiste, the folly of putting trust in princes and duchesses—Mrs. Clay, M.R.S., Mistress of the Rolls of Sausages, and R.S.S., Royal Sausage Stuffer, is now the keeper of an apple stall. Bless all ladies' lips, royal or plebeian; never shall I look upon them without thinking either of kisses, sausages, or—clay.

Notwithstanding its beauties and attractions, Malvern is, after all, but a hospital on a large and grand scale—a laundry for the washing out of disease by water, where human goods that are nearly “done up” are “firsted,” “seconded,” and the *blues* rinsed out of them. Some of them, however, maintain their starched appearance to the last. The place is nothing more than a resort of all the afflicted, who believe that nature’s water-mill is capable of grinding out its own diseases, if kept properly going, and plentifully supplied with water. Those grand residences, scattered around in rich profusion, are principally lodging houses for the out-patients. The huge square white house near the church is the establishment of Dr. Wilson. The large turreted brick building on the hill is Tudor House. The one next to it is Holyrood. These are exclusively the establishments of Dr. Gully,—the latter being set apart for females. The Bridge between the two which leads, I believe, only to a billiard room is appropriately entitled “The Bridge of Sighs” by the male patients. That enormous pile of building in the hollow is the Imperial Hotel, one of the finest outside London. The large building with the square tower and flag is Townshend House, the residence of Dr. Grindrod, *my* doctor. Once a moderately sized gentlemanly mansion, it was enlarged from time to time to accommodate the increasing number of patients until it assumed its present dimensions. The oval wing is the winter promenade, conservatory, and lecture room. Large and magnificent as the building appears, it is only

a hydropathic laundry, or sanatorium, for in-patients, who reside under the constant care of the doctor. Well, well, quite enough about water—what about *punch*? True, I had forgotten, but remember, reader, this chapter is merely introductory. There is yet to be written (not by me) a good book upon the many and distinct classes of punch. As we propose to treat of Malvern Punch only, we shall leave the Punch published in Fleet Street, so well known to our readers and so well flavoured by an occasional squeeze from our friend Mark Lemon, to speak for itself, and the punch brewed at the Red Lion to make people speak of their friends, while we proceed to describe the quality and quantity of the spirits, water, and other articles used in our favourite compound—the mode of mixing—the sort of punch-bowls or baths—method of mixing, etc.—all of which we promise, with peculiar native modesty, to describe, with as much descriptive power, scientific accuracy, and general ability, as our pen will permit. Our punch, dear reader, has yet to be mixed, but the fire is kindling, and the spirits are at hand in the next chapter. Patience, and we shall soon get to YOUR HEALTH.

## CHAPTER II.—SPIRITS.

GLEN.—“I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT.—Why so can I, or so can any man,

But will they come when you do call for them?”

*Henry IV.*

What an expansive theme is that of spirits! What hosts of spirits there are, good and evil, black and white, spirits of earth and of air, of light and of darkness; some visible as the nose on a spirit-drinker's face, and some invisible as the waist of a fashionable lady; some believed in, some denied. Many we have felt, and still feel, but cannot describe. That spirit of love for instance; a few of us remember how it melted us (turn-down collar and all) into liquid moonshine, yet the more we think of it the less we understand it. I wish some one would write a spirit dictionary. Let us try a few definitions. Spirit of Johnson attend!

POETRY, a humanising, softening, ennobling spirit, under whose benign influence many write, publish, and starve.

SONG, a spirit, “wedded to immortal verse,” generally found at corners, prompting the rising generation to adopt the name of “Old Bob Ridley Oh.”

**WAR**, a spirit that bestows glory, honour, and a shilling a day upon those who cut the throats of others and allow the same kind office to be performed on themselves.

**HOPE**, a spirit that lines every dark cloud with silver—pays our debts—induces others to pay us—makes those we love love us, etc.—and performs all its promises on the 29th of April, except in leap year, when it does so on the 32nd of December, or the 1st of April.

**PRESUMPTION**, a spirit which prompts the lower order of animals (including the poor), to be born and breathe the same air as the upper classes, and even die without asking their permission.

**HEALTH**, this spirit, though sadly used, is the most valuable of all to man. It is often lost by being allowed to stray from its parent nature into surgeries and druggists' shops, but generally recovered in Malvern, through the skill and vigilance of the detective, hydropathy, who restores it to its parent and places at its service his chief officers, **AIR**, **EXERCISE**, **FOOD**, and **WATER**.

**DISEASE**, a spirit that no one likes, but that nearly everybody invites, and liberally entertains. It supplants health—expels him from his rightful possessions, and obtains a lease, not from Doctors' Commons, but from common doctors.

**HAPPINESS**, various definitions are given of this spirit, and the modes of obtaining and possessing it. Ancient philosophers recommend the simple plan of not being

born at all, or, being born, dying as soon as possible. By those, however, who have the misfortune to be born, and all who will not die for the life of them, the spirit happiness may be wooed by obeying the laws of health, apart from which it can seldom exist. It is also necessary to pay all bills, except the doctor's, and have a balance in hand; to praise all children in the hearing of their mothers; to allow your female servants to dress like their mistress, and have followers; to abstain from going to law and from contradicting your wife; to avoid all unnatural stimulants, late suppers, and undue hours, highwaymen, mad dogs, and physic, above all, to keep a good conscience, and read—Health and Pleasure.

**FASHION**, this spirit changes while we are defining it. "Everything by starts and nothing long." It sometimes exhibits itself in dissolving views, changing bonnets into oyster shells, etc. Ladies, in order to propitiate this spirit, should occupy as much space as permitted, and, if possible, have no will of their own. The spirit of fashion insists upon taking wine with you, and eats fish with a fork. These remarks apply to the spirit as it was when we commenced penning them. Some of them may be effete already, as the spirit has, doubtless, undergone considerable change within the last few minutes.

**ROUTINE**, a spirit distilled from the concentrated essence of the mistakes of our forefathers. It embalms the corpse of exploded error, and invests the mummy with



the right to regulate our lives and opinions. In politics it binds the limbs of progress in red tape. In medicine it grinds science with a pestle and mortar, and knocks down discovery with a gold-headed cane.—*Mem.* A gold-headed cane is a life-preserver, preserving the life of him who carries it at the expense of others.

**FAME**, this is sometimes a dangerous spirit, leading men to commit fratricide and egotism, *e. g.*, Du Chaillu, killing the Gorilla, and Spurgeon praising its intelligence.

The above specimens of a Spirit Dictionary will, it is hoped, convey an idea of what might be done by an aspiring Johnson in this department of literature. Such a dictionary would, doubtless, command a large sale amongst licensed victuallers and spirit merchants. Further information on this interesting subject might be obtained by consulting Scott's "Demonology," De Foe's "Story of Mrs. Veal" (one vol. bound in *calf*), "La Place, on the Soul," "Emanuel Swedenborg" (translated into plain English), Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World," with marginal and foot notes uniform with De Foe's Foot-marks of Man Friday on the Sand, and Longfellow's "Foot-prints on the Sands of Time." The taste of the writer may decide whether he copy Johnson's style or mine, or follow—*Walker*. Perhaps I should also recommend Mrs. Crowe's "Night side of Nature." All the information, however, contained in her book, may be obtained of Mr. Home, or any of the spirit mediums.

Perhaps, reader, you doubt the doctrine of spirit-rapping. Doubt not, for we ourselves have tested it. We have rapped for spirits, and seen them produced upon the table, through the medium of waiters. We have, while under the influence of these spirits, heard the strangest noises, and seen the strangest forms floating in the air. We have had our legs spiritualised till they refused to perform the function of locomotion. We have rapped until we felt the spirit of John Knox upon our very faces. In investigating these phenomena we have spared neither time nor expense. We have wasted the midnight oil, and often, when pressed to seek repose, have, with a suicidal devotion to science, resolutely declared "We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear." These things we have seen, nay, we have seen them double; let the Faradays, Carpenters, and Grindrods account for them as they will. As to table-turning, we have not only seen the tables turned, but upset and broken.

But of spirits, the most to be required by man are animal spirits. Without these we are low, tame, and spiritless indeed.

Oh, reader! be out of money, out of credit and in debt, be out of friends, be out of luck, out at elbows if you will, but may the fates and the water treatment save you from being out of spirits. To be out of spirits is not to be out of one good thing merely: it is to be "out of sorts." Your wife is cross, nothing pleases her; how different from the

amiable angelic Miss B. she was before marriage. All a mistake; she is still the same loving gentle creature, *only* she's out of spirits. Business goes wrong, your dependants are ruining you, that bill will be dishonoured, that eldest boy of yours will turn out wild like his uncle. All a mistake, no man on earth has more reason to be thankful, *only* you're out of spirits. Your husband is not so kind as he was, he has grown cold and neglectful. Hold your little tongue, there is not a more loving and devoted poor fellow in the world, *only* he is out of spirits. Buoyant, laughing, animal spirits. These are the spirits that make us the heroes and conquerors of fate; that raise the shout of victory on the field; that constitute the success of business, the soul of pleasure, and the happiness of our own firesides. The spirits for which they come to glorious spirit-rousing, spirit-restoring, spirit-creating Malvern. The spirits which I trust you will find flowing through these pages.

Reader, if you are out of spirits; if no star illumine thy horizon; if "Hope, like the bird in the story has flitted from tree to tree," end your misery at once by  
TAKING A JUMP INTO THE WATER.

### CHAPTER III.—WATER.

“Water, water, everywhere.”

*Coleridge.*

“Honest water.”

*Shakespeare.*

Don't be afraid, reader, of a wishy-washy chapter on water. Let me tell you a secret; there is no animal in creation so much afraid of water as a mad dog. I mention this merely as a curious fact in natural history, without, of course, making any personal application. Imagine the world without water. Picture to yourself the vast depths of ocean dried up; pyramids of bleached skeletons piled along the yawning gulfs; sharks, hippopotami, and mermaids, grinning in bony whiteness; skeleton ships manned by skeleton hands; and Neptune grasping his trident in his fleshless fingers.

On earth everything parched to powder; dandies wearing dirty collars for want of water to wash them, and worse still, nothing to drink. “Oh yes” says some one “we could drink beer, wine, tea, etc.” Not so fast, there is nothing in creation to quench thirst but water. No matter what liquid we drink it is the water in it that quenches the thirst, and the water only. Beer, wine, tea, etc., contain, on the average 95 parts to the 100 of water.

Separate the water from any of these drinks and the most inveterate anti-waterite will not attempt to allay his drought with the remainder. Quench your thirst with fruit, and it is the water in the fruit that produces the desired effect. Of milk (even London milk) three parts are water. Thus we are all water drinkers, only that some prefer to drink the water pure, as certain fastidious people prefer breathing pure rather than impure air.

Not only does water constitute the chief portion of what we drink, but of what we eat also. Beef and mutton are principally composed of water. The whole vegetable world is almost altogether made of water. In fact we live in a world of water. You and I, dear reader, solid as we may think ourselves, and dry and hard-hearted as others may know us to be, are little else than animated pumps or intelligent water butts. Take a few scientific proofs from thousands similar that might be adduced. "It may be safely asserted," says Dr. Alcott, of New York, "that more than half the whole weight of the human body consists of water." An eminent physiologist of New York remarks "The living body is composed of at least 80 to the 100 parts of water. The average weight of adults may be about 150 pounds; of this amount 3 gallons or about 25 pounds are blood; which blood, as is well known, is nearly all water." This latter calculation must of course be received with caution, coming as it does from America, y have little royal or aristocratic blood, in which

it would be sacrilege to suppose there was any element so weak and common as water. The statement, possibly is founded on a knowledge of the blood of slaves.

Our scientific chiefs at home, however, are quite unanimous in measuring us out by the quart. "The whole amount of water in the human frame," says Dr. W. Carpenter, "has been shown to be not less than nine-tenths."

Dr. Grindrod, in an article in the *Journal of Health*, says "water enters very largely into the composition of the tissues of the human body. Nine-tenths of the body of man consist of water." Nay, he even tells us what proportions of water enter into the composition of each part of our bodies. "The brain and nerves contain nearly 80 parts out of 100 of water. The muscular or fleshy portions of the body, which are the instruments of all its movements, contain not less than 78 portions. Water enters into the composition of the stomach to the extent of 81 proportions out of 100. An evidence of the essential importance of its functions."

"The skin on the sole of the foot, on the other hand, with its less delicately organised structure, does not contain more than 49 proportions."

After these elaborate calculations of the learned doctor who will dread damp feet?

Leibig informs us "6,361 parts of anhydrous fibrine

(*i. e.* flesh deprived of its water) are united with 30,000 parts of water, in muscular fibre or in blood."

Thus, though the Carpenters, Leibigs, and Grindrods may differ as to a pint or two, they are all agreed that you or I, reader, are at least pots of half-and-half. Everything is water. Diogenes in his tub was merely a tub full of water. The proper study of mankind is water. And this which Hamlet calls "too solid flesh of ours" is liable at any time to thaw and resolve itself into dew. Nay,

The gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples,  
The great globe itself,  
And all which it inhabit may dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of an icicle,  
Leave not a sediment behind.

It may be interesting to know the means by which scientific people arrive at the knowledge of these facts.

Nothing more simple.

To ascertain the weight of smoke in an ounce of tobacco, smoke it. (Or pay some one who does not value his health to smoke it for you.) Weigh the ashes, and the difference between the ashes and the ounce is the amount of smoke, *q. e. d.*

On the same principle dry the moisture out of a body. Subtract the weight of the *dry* goods from the gross amount and the difference will be the amount of moisture at first contained. The reader may make the experiment upon the body of one of the lower animals, say a neighbour's dog,

but to avoid collision with the Humane Society, it may be safer to experiment upon a pauper or a poor relation. To restore the body to its former state it is only necessary to dip the dry remains in water till it absorbs the amount of moisture previously extracted by the heat. I again quote Dr. Grindrod. "The bodies of men and various animals who have perished in the deserts of Africa and Arabia, and whose carcasses have been long exposed to the scorching influence of the burning sun, exhibit the same phenomenon (extreme lightness). The solid substance remains, the water is gone. Soak these remains for a brief space of time in water and the fluid is quickly absorbed, nearly to the extent possessed during the existence of life. Amongst certain of the cold-blooded animals," continues the learned doctor, "when the atmosphere is dry and hot, the absence of absorption of water reduces them to a torpid condition. The common snail, when placed in a box and deprived of food, will exude its slime or mucus so as to close the mouth of its shell, and thus attached to the side of its prison it will remain in a dormant state for years. If immersed in water it will soon revive with all the energies and phenomena of life. In the drought of summer, if long continued, snails and slugs are often found in this condition. A shower of rain quickly restores them to animation. The Indians not unfrequently find boas of enormous size in a lethargic condition, from which they soon revive when exposed to the influence of damp. Crocodiles are frequently found in the same condition. Lizards and serpents in



tropical climates are also subject to the similar influence of excessive heat. Among the more minute creatures of insect life are discovered equally remarkable illustrations. Certain varieties of the water fleas, the wheel animalcules and other numerous denizens of our ditches and pools, are, during a season of drought, enabled to bear the entire removal of water, and, on exposure to wet, quickly evidence the return of active existence." Just so ! what is this but Hydropathy successfully applied to the lower animals ? water rousing the animal spirits, the shower, shallow or douche bath, bracing the nerves and banishing torpidity. I do not say that bleeding, or arsenic, or mercury, would not produce the same salutary effects, I only remark that neither Baron Humboldt, Doctor Carpenter, Dr. Grindrod, nor any other learned travellers or doctors, make any mention of anything being used but water. Fortunately for themselves, the poor creatures could pay for nothing else. It is said that by seeing a frog swim man first learned the aquatic art. It were to be wished that he would condescend to take a few more lessons on the uses of water, but water is too cheap, too common to be considered of much importance. There is, or can be, so little hocus pocus about it, when unmixed and uncoloured, but let it be scarce or colour it to look as if it were—give it a foreign name—mix a little senna and salts and call it *sol. fol. sen.* or cream of tartar, and call it *sol. bitart pot.* It will then be received with blessings and paid for with gold. But be liberal with water as a beneficent providence

has been—say here it is in abundance, pure and unadulterated,

“’Tis sparkling, and God sends it free,”

here in plenty, in the boundless ocean, in the rivers and lakes, murmuring through the vallies, bubbling in the springs, descending in the shower, foaming in the cataract, coursing down the mountains,—here it is pure and plentiful around, as God meant you to enjoy it; bathe in it, drink it, temper it in heat, quantity, and mode of application, to suit the case of the invalid. The process is too simple for mystery-loving man. He must have something beyond his comprehension. Something not common. So it was of old—so it is still, Naaman like, if they are told to go and do some great thing, they will do it.

Our bodies being chiefly composed of water, hydropaths use water in assisting nature to repair them, just as a tailor mends a coat with cloth, or a bootmaker mends a boot with leather, or a glazier mends a window with glass. We would laugh at the boot maker, who attempted to mend boots with glass, or the glazier, who attempted to repair a broken pane with leather, simply because the substances had no relation to or affinity with each other. We would say, mend the articles with the substances of which they are principally composed. In like manner we say, repair, or assist nature to repair, diseased human bodies with water. Attempting to repair them with other substances foreign to them as arsenic, strychnine, &c., is about as philosophical as the attempt to repair a pair of boots with glass.

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Water ! who regrets being chiefly composed of it ? Of what more beautiful element could we be formed ? Glorious water, poets in all ages have sung the praises of

“ The crystal element,  
The chief ingredient in heaven’s various works,  
The vehicle—the source of nutriment,  
And life to all that vegetate or live.”

The fathers of medicine in all ages, have blessed it as the friend of science and of man. “ Pure waters,” says Hoffman, the great Prussian professor, “ are agreeable to the different natures and constitutions of all men,—no remedy can more effectually secure health and prevent disease than pure water.” Zimmerman, as distinguished a physician, as writer, says, “ water is the most suitable drink for man, and does not chill the ardour of genius. Demosthenes’ sole drink was water.” “ Water,” says Dr. Grindrod in his Prize Essay, “ of all other kinds of liquor best quenches thirst.—It is the most suitable liquid to supply that waste of the moist or watery parts of the human system, which it continually sustains. It is consequently the best diluent of the blood, and as a stomachic materially promotes the function of digestion. Water possesses important medicinal properties, as universal experience testifies, &c.”

But why quote opinions in favour of a self-evident truth ? Beautiful water, crowning the hills with snow or sleeping in the peaceful lake. Pure, glorious, powerful ! In majestic rivers, in terrific floods and mighty falls. Fertilizing the earth in genial showers, in the opening

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flower buds, in the pearly dew drops, in sparkling fountains, in the tear of lovely sympathizing woman. Ah reader, there it is, all in the last line. Just estimate the influence of one tear, one female tear upon your weak masculine nerves, and then calculate the effect of a shower bath or douche. Nothing like water. The best silks, the ladies tell us, are watered silks; the greatest battle was the battle of Water-loo, and the test of genuineness even in a five pound note is the water-mark. Who could not enjoy the social hour with

## PLAIN COLD WATER.

“The days are gone when claret bright  
 Inspired my strain,  
 When I sang on every festive night  
 About champagne.  
 Prime thirty-four  
 In floods may pour,  
 And glasses gaily clatter,  
 But there's nothing half so safe to drink  
 As plain cold water.

Though the bard may make a greater noise  
 Over his wine,  
 When with other bacchanalian boys  
 He chances to dine.  
 Yet if he wake  
 With a headache,  
 And wonders what's the matter,  
 He learns there's nought so safe to drink  
 As plain cold water.

There's Doctor Hassal, he proclaims  
 That water's full  
 Of curious brutes, with curious names,  
 In every pool.

Now you will see  
That this must be  
A most important matter,  
For it's clear there's meat as well as drink  
In plain cold water.

Professor Clarke, of Aberdeen,  
Says chalk is there,  
And Monsieur Chatin, iodine  
Finds everywhere.  
If this be true,  
'Tis clear to you  
It's just so much the better,  
For there's meat and drink, and physic too,  
In plain cold water."

As remedial agents, few waters have obtained the celebrity of those at Malvern. To quote the words of the Rev. Paxton Hood in his sprightly and clever book, "The Metropolis of the Water Cure."—"All waters used hydropathically, or most at any rate, must be beneficial. At the same time, in the waters of Malvern there is a peculiar efficacy arising from their greater purity. Long before chemistry had detected their peculiar properties disease had tested their healing powers." Crowds came to these waters borne down by disease, and went away healed. A long list of wonderful cures are recorded and authenticated by many men of position and learning, including Dr. Wall and the celebrated Dr. Herberden. So wonderful and numerous were the cases cured or relieved, that people could account for them only by attributing miraculous powers to the waters. Hence some wells, like some men, were called holy without any just claim to the title.

All history proves that wells in every age and country were objects of interest and importance. There it was that some flocks were milked and others watered. There vows were made and pitchers broken, and there lovers, notwithstanding the jars between them, carried each other's pails and swore to pull and draw together 'till one or other of them kicked the bucket. There hewers of wood employed ewers of water, and went away singing "All's well." Wells too, in some countries, were superstitiously believed to be a kind of marine insurance offices, it being generally supposed that he or she who hung a portion of his shirt or her—morning wrapper on the bush nearest the holy well could never be drowned. Hence in many parts of Ireland and the North of Scotland are still to be seen many wells, the adjacent bushes of which are as well and fashionably dressed as drunkards and their families. At one, tradition says that a sacrilegious rag gatherer was caught in the act of replenishing his basket from the bush. The people hung all the rags he possessed upon it as a punishment. It served the ragamuffin right. Other powers were attributed to holy wells. Of some it was believed that when two persons were made one, by a power unknown to arithmeticians, whichever of them, be it man or wife, who drank first of the miraculous waters after wedlock, that party had the governing power—the privilege of wearing certain unmentionable continuations for the ensuing twelve months. On this head we are told that

A story there goes of a marvellous well,  
Near fair Florence city, as travellers tell,

To Saint Agnes devoted and very much noted,  
For it bore in its waters a mystical spell,  
Which gave to which ever drank first of its cheer  
After wedlock, full power to govern a year.  
Young Paul led Pauline to the church as his bride,  
And wedlock's hard knot in an instant was tied.  
But the clerk's nasal twang "amen" scarce had sang  
When the bridegroom eloped from his good woman's side.  
Having taken a quaff, he said "bow to the staff."  
"Oh," said she, "that you are first at the well is quite clear,  
But to save such a task I filled a small flask,  
And brought it to church in my pocket, my dear."

But few wells, we repeat, received such superstitious homage as the wells of Malvern. Cures were performed by the strange and dangerous processes of drinking, bathing, wrapping the body in cloths dipped in the waters, or allowing them to flow upon the parts affected; processes which, it was said, must have given the sufferers their death but for the supernatural powers. These powers were thought to be enhanced by the "oxis doxis glorioxis" benediction of some pseudo-sanctimonious blackleg, who traded on ignorance and superstition. Imposition danced for joy, and superstition paid the piper. And so things went on until that meddling fellow called Science, who pokes his nose into other people's business, and even into our drinks, analysed the waters, and declared that there was nothing whatever supernatural in them—that the secret of their curative powers lay in their extreme purity—that it was the nature of pure water to purify the blood and to expel disease from the body. Nay more, Science impiously declared that the saints had very little to do with

the recovery of the afflicted. In short, Science compelled poor old Superstition to close his shop and put up his shutters, while his own agents, the hydropathic doctors, opened large wholesale establishments.

Dear reader, (I always say dear when I ask a favour), pardon me for having exceeded the limits of a chapter, but if you think I have given undue importance to water, let me remind you that it is treated as of the highest importance in the best of books. You will find there that it was the only drink provided for our first parents in Eden. When the king of Israel made great provision for the Syrian army, the drink provided was water. When Abraham sent away Hagar, he gave her a bottle of water. The angel that met her in the wilderness, pointed her to a place of water. When Rebecca received the offer of marriage, she gave to Abraham's servant water. At Nabal's feast of sheep shearing, the drink provided was water. Elijah when fed by the ravens received water. And when he came to the widow of Sidon, he asked only for water. When the angels brought him his provisions for the journey to Horeb, the liquid in the cruise was water. Good Obadiah fed the hundred prophets on bread and water. Job's travellers went to the stream for water. The Israelites for forty years drank nothing but water. Naaman to cure his disease, was told to wash in water. King Saul in the cave had water. Sampson and his mother drank water. And the element chosen to typify the blessings



of the land, is water. *In aquis salus.* I conclude as I began with—don't be afraid of water.

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### NOTE.

Since writing the above, I have found that there is scarcely any water at all in the world. Science is my authority. *e. g.* the following is "Bergman's analysis of a gallon of water.

	Holy Well.	St. Ann's.
Soda, combined with fixed air,.....	5.33.....	3.55 grs.
Lime, combined with fixed air, { i. e. chalk,	1.6.....	0.352
Magnesia, combined with fixed air, i. e. uncalcined Mag- nesia {	0.9199.....	0.26
Calx of Iron, combined with fixed air, i. e. rust of Iron, {	0.625.....	0.328
Glauber Salt.....	2.896.....	1.48
Common Salt,.....	1.553.....	0.955

Where then is the water? This is the mixture which we foolishly called by that name. Remember reader that as St. Ann's Well is said to be the purest water in the world, if there were any water in any well it should be found in this, but science proves that there is none. Truth may be at the bottom of a well, but not water. We have proved to our own satisfaction, and we trust to that of our readers, in the last chapter, that there was scarcely anything but water in the world, and now that there is scarcely any such thing as water,—*ergo* there is scarcely any world at all, and the little there is consists of soda, magnesia, lime, rust of iron, and glauber salts. This discovery pulverizes creation. We ourselves are no longer composed of even water, but of salt and chalk, and when we marry, we merely make a species of seidlitz powder.

## CHAPTER IV.—HYDROVOCOMUSICOPATHY.

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“ Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”

*Shakespeare.*

“ What fairy like music———

The winds are all hushed, and the waters at rest,

They sleep like the passion in infancy's breast.”

*Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson.*

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TO R. B. GRINDROD, ESQ., M.D.LL.D.F.G.S., ETC.,

Townshend House, Malvern.

Sir,—It would be little better than affectation on my part, as well as an insult to your understanding, to apologise for thus addressing you on a subject fraught with vital importance to the interests of mankind, and to yourself and patients in particular. *I have made a discovery.* Doubtless you well remember me as a patient of yours who honoured you by recovery under your care when he had for years refused even to become better under scores of other doctors. You well remember, too, that I am not an M.D. (though I do not know why), being more generally philosophic than specially scientific, and am, therefore, the more likely to

make useful discoveries, especially as regards health. Even were it otherwise, you are one of those who admit light, come whence it may—who have regard to measures, not men. My discovery—perhaps I should call it invention—is connected with your favourite study, hydropathy. Having made so many improvements yourself in the science you may think that little more is needed to perfect it as practised at Townshend House. Ah, learned sir, the longer you are smoothing the pillow of suffering the more wrinkles will you find. I think I remember your saying, in one of your lectures, that after thirty years' experience in your profession, you were still learning every day. Learn then with gratitude and any other feeling you wish to add that I have discovered an improved mode of treating patients hydropathically. I am well aware, sir, that you have every description of bath invented—that you are able by means of some to squeeze the essence of oxygen out of the air, and the dregs of other gin and mercury out of the patients' bodies. All this I grant, but my discovery has regard to the cheerful occupation of the mind. "What?" I think I hear you almost indignantly exclaim. "Look at these grounds, this garden and its beautiful and varied walks, the house and its winter promenade, games, reading room and library, museum, &c., and then tell me if all these, with congenial society, music, &c.—" There, sir, there—*music*, that is the point. Music and song, where are they? I know you have pianos and other musical appliances. I know that many of your patients play and

sing, and that sweetly too. I am also aware that a band plays at St. Ann's Well or in the Promenade Gardens, and that public and private concerts are held from time to time. All this music and song is out of time and place. The patients hear it when they least require it—when the hardships and terrors of the baths are over—when the nervous energy is aroused. The time for music is *during the bath*—the place the *bath room*.

This sir, is my discovery.

I call it *Hydrovocomusicopathy*, or the science of disease cured by water, singing, and music. Of course, sir, you see the value of my discovery, and are struck with its vast importancé, as an adjunct to the water cure. I can imagine that it sounds upon the ear of your perception like the chorus in *Der Freischutz*. I need not remind you how much music is improved by its proximity to water. So with its twin-sister song.

Every man-of-war and every regiment has its music to cheer the men when engaged in action—but water patients are engaged not only in actions but in reactions also. And why not have their music and song in the hour of danger? Why should not the heroes of *Water-cold* have their music as well as the heroes of *Water-loo*? Numbers have marched cheerfully to the guillotine singing the *Marseillaise*. The naval songs of Dibdin did more to create a heroic spirit in

our navy than the harangues of the ministry, and I have little doubt but that patients would march boldly and cheerfully into the bath or pack if their spirits were cheered by suitable music and song. Let who will make the baths let me make the songs. Music should accompany every dangerous undertaking, whether entering into a bath or the bonds of matrimony. To carry out effectually my system would of course require a breath of outlay and an outlay of breath. Every bath attendant should be a musician and a vocalist as well. I do not mean to disparage the bath attendants at Townshend House, for they are, or were, the most obliging and attentive amongst the Order of the Bath, but Christy's Minstrels would, in some respects, make better bathmen under the new system. The attendant should be conversant with all the fashionable operas, popular airs, &c. They should be as well stocked with sheets of music as with dripping sheets, and understand the crotchets in music as well those in the patients. A selection of water songs might be arranged for each bath but, for a time at least, adaptations of popular airs and songs would be preferable. Let us take a hasty glance in prospective at the working of the system. Imagine, under the present system, a nervous patient startled with the morning rattan. "Who's there?" "*Bathman, sir.*" How depressing and ominous. Imagine, then, in contrast to this a rich and musical voice outside, replying to the question of "Who's there?" by exclaiming, *a La Figaro*—

"Lo the factotum of this wet place I come."

or, "Did you never hear tell of a jolly young waterman?"



or,

"Arouse thee, arouse thee, my very sick boy,  
Take a pail—to the hills then away."

Should the patient be a lady, her female attendant might  
serenade with

"Wake, lady wake."

or,

"Oh, are you sleeping, Maggie?"

or,

"Behold, how brightly breaks the morn."

or,

"Kathleen Mavourneen the grey dawn is breaking,  
You're ordered a shallow and walk to the hill.  
The patients are up and their morning baths taking.  
Kathleen Mavourneen, what slumbering still?"

In applying the wet compress to the chest the shock might  
be considerably mitigated by that beautiful melody of  
Moore's.

"Come rest in this bosom."

The following adaptation from *La Sonnambula* might be substituted for the ordinary dialogue of the wet sheet:—

AIR.—“STILL SO GENTLY.”

PATIENT.—Oh that wet sheet round me stealing.  
 These bathmen think we've got no feeling.  
 'Tis a curious art of healing,  
 It sends to my very heart a chill.

BATHMAN.—Let no idle fears alarm thee,  
 In five minutes it will warm thee,  
 Dear sir, no, it will not harm thee.  
 No, dear sir, no, 'twill cure, not kill.

The necessary instructions, too, would be more agreeably conveyed and better remembered thus, *à la* Christy—

AIR.—“KISS ME QUICK AND GO MY HONEY.”

BATHMAN.—Whene'er you get pack-sheet or shallow,  
 Dripping-sheet or spray,  
 Rubbing quick should always follow,  
 Dress and then away.

PATIENT.—Then rub me quick and go my honey,  
 Rub me quick and go.  
 Oh bless my eyes my spirits rise,  
 Rub me quick and go.

It would of course be necessary for the doctor himself to join his patients now and then, in musical colloquy. Indeed, the “Gold-headed Cane” might occasionally be changed into the baton of the musical conductor. How pleasant it would be to hear the doctor and his patients question and answer thus:—

DOCTOR.—Tell me how you liked your shallow.

PATIENT.—Oh, in first-rate style.  
 Price is such a happy fellow,  
 Singing all the while—

He still rubbed on and I rubbed too,  
 I glowed from heel to head,  
 My nose changed unto red from blue,  
 And what do you think I said ?  
*(The doctor of course gives it up.)*

PATIENT.—Why, rub me quick and go my honey,  
 Rub me quick and go.  
 Oh bless my eyes my spirits rise,  
 Rub me quick and go.

The above, sir, are given as specimens of what might be done. Should you think (as of course you do), that my discovery is the greatest yet made in the history of curative agencies, you are quite welcome to give your patients the benefit of it. As Hood says—

“Try it, try it.  
 You need not buy it.  
 The last invention, and nothing comes nigh it,  
 For affording patients, at little expense,  
 The sense of singing and singing of sense.  
 A real blessing, and no mistake,  
 Invented for poor humanity's sake.”

The only fear that I entertain is that some of your patients may sing themselves to death, or like Beau Nash, “die listening to music in Bath.”

Should any patient prefer the old unmusical plan, you will, of course, change his compress for a strait waistcoat, put him on short allowance of bread, and full allowance of water, for

“The man that hath no music in his bath,  
 Or will not bathe with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for pack-sheets, sweating baths, and sitz.  
 Let all such men get douches.”



Congratulating you, sir, myself, and the world, on this discovery,

I remain, yours, &c.,

Invention Hall,  
April 1st.

J. B. ODDFISH.

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P.S.—I am writing a wonderful book, in which I intend to notice this discovery, and to notice yourself too. Of course I don't expect gentlemen like you to seem to care for what an author may say in your praise, but every one of you like it for all that.

J. B. O.

## CHAPTER V.—THE PUNCH BOWLS.

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“Water is best.”

*Pindar.*

“Doctor, no physicking. We are, as I already told you, a machine made to live. We are organised for that purpose, and such is our nature. Do not counteract the living principle. Let it alone; leave it the liberty of defending itself,—it will do better than your drugs.”

*The Emperor Napoleon.*

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Having supplied my readers with a due proportion of spirits and water, and even indulged them with a little music by way of relief, I now proceed to describe the different modes of mixing the hydropathic potations in the punchbowls or baths.

Reader, did you ever—but no I am sure you never *did*, see anything half so ludicrous in life as a human being going through the various processes of the water treatment. 'Tis said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet; certain it is no man can imagine himself a hero in the presence of his bathman. Cæsars at home become the humblest of Penelopes at the water cure, and those who

by the domestic hearth have steamed and blazed away in unhealthy irritation like Vesuvius, have, in sight of their bath attendants, dwindled down to the explosive dimensions of a lucifer match. Now for a glance at the system which tames the most unmanageable constitutions, as effectually as ever Rarey did the veritable Cruiser. I am not going to discuss the subject of baths or hydropathy scientifically; I have several reasons for not doing so, one of which is that I do not know how. It satisfies me to know that wonderful cures are being effected by it. I myself have been restored by it, suffering from a fearful state both of body and mind, when all other available modes of treatment had failed to afford even relief. As patients we are abundantly content to know that by means of the water treatment we are *as we are*, instead of lying in bed swallowing nauseous doses. We are satisfied of the efficacy of the system, by seeing people who, a month ago, could not get out of the way of a parliamentary reform coach, now giving close imitations of Deerfoot—to witness people who but a short time since had not breath enough to scold a beggar for asking charity, now driving a running trade without even puffing—to see people (I have seen one to-day) who a few months since were helpless paralytics, now playing at bowls upon the lawn of Townshend House\*—

\* This, as well as some other portions of this book, were penned some two years since for the gratification of some friends, and published in a local paper. The case here alluded to was that of a gentleman who arrived late at night at Dr. Grindrod's. He had been pronounced incurable by his physicians, and was lifted quite helpless

to see another, who, a short time since, looked like Asmodeus on two sticks, now leading off a country dance on the hill. It is a comfort to hear nearly all one comes in contact with express their delight at their improved state of health. Neither do I intend to discuss the respective merits of the several *pathies*—Allopathy (the *other* name for the *other* pathy), homœopathy, hydropathy, or sympathy (worth all of them put together in curing the heart ache), though I have had some close acquaintance with each. Satisfied as we are with the results of hydropathy, and the skill of our doctor, most people have still a longing to know a little of the why and wherefore of the thing. The young philosopher felt satisfied that the bellows blew the fire; yet he ripped it up to see where the wind came from. Paddy when sent for seven years to Van Diemen's Land, told the bear when he met him that he was transported to make his acquaintance. So it is, people like to know why certain processes keep them longer in the world, or send them sooner out of it. True, this curiosity is to a great extent gratified by the professors of the water treatment—they write and speak plainly, and in plain English upon the nature of the patient's complaint, and the reason of treating it in such and such ways. Dr. Grindrod delivers a free lecture weekly, in the large lecture room or winter

from the carriage and conveyed to his room. I myself played at bowls with him in less than three months afterwards. Several similar instances came under my notice, Cases of this kind are so common as to have ceased to excite even surprise in Malvern, except to the newly-arrived patients, who think of little but the imaginary evils of hydropathy, at which they soon learn to laugh.

promenade, Townshend House, and explains the principles and practices of hydropathy. I shall commence my exposition by quoting from the doctor's "Hydropathic Notes and Cases," and when I come to describe the punch bowls or baths, I shall sober my more spirited descriptions by quotations from his papers or works on the water cure, or extracts from portions of his lectures.\* "Hippocrates, the father of medicine, wisely proclaims that nature is the physician of disease. And it is a knowledge of this fact which unfolds the secret of the water treatment. The hydropathic physician is successful in his practice in so far as he carefully observes the indications of nature, and skilfully adapts his measures so as to enable the conservative power to exercise its sanative efforts in the relief or cure of disease."†

Reader, keep in mind that one fact stated by Hippocrates and Grindrod, namely, that nature is a better doctor than either of them, and that they are only nature's journeymen. Never mind flights about "Conservative powers," or "Whig powers," the Radical fact is that nature ought to get the fee and not the doctors—but you see that on this point the doctor is Conservative. Let it be granted that we might believe what we find stated on such good authority, especially when backed by reason and common

\* I will ask Dr. Grindrod to pardon me for the liberty I take in making such selections as suit my purpose, and the reader, in justice to that gentleman, will peruse them as disjointed portions of more elaborate disquisitions.

† "Hydropathic Notes and Cases," by R. B. Grindrod, M.D.L.L.D.F.L.S.

sense—that we may believe what we see with our own eyes—or even through spectacles—what we feel by means of our own feelings, and not those of the kind friends who feel for us, and a very little portion of what we hear with our own ears. These postulates being granted the following may be taken as hydropathic axioms.

1.—Nature is the best doctor. Man (says an eminent M.D.), is not a tin kettle and cannot be mended after the manner of a tin kettle by any human artificer whatsoever; or, if he is a little more than a tin kettle, that every such tin kettle contains within itself its own tinker; and that all the human tinker can do is first to clean the kettle, hold it still and keep it in the most convenient position for the tinker within to do his work.

*Mem.*—Water is good for washing kettles.

2.—That Nature, like all other tinkers, in order to be able to do her work and shake off disease, must have all obstacles removed; the proper tools supplied; the vital energy aroused; and the strength increased.

3.—That these ends are best accomplished by a strict observance of her laws; by a sufficiency of good wholesome food and exercise; regular rest; absence of all moral excitement (which means not reading “Martin Tupper’s Proverbial Philosophy,” and other similar effusions of genius; or, if in lodgings, not examining too minutely the

items and details of your landlady's bills); pure air and plenty of water; and strict abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

4.—That on the surface of the human body science has counted exactly seven millions of pores or safety-valves for letting off noxious steams.

5.—That if these be kept stopped the human boiler may explode.

6.—That the tubes leading to these pores, if placed lengthwise, would cover exactly twenty-eight miles, measured by sappers and miners.\*

7.—That this sewerage should be kept open, and the pipes cleaned (by water), in order that it may do its share in carrying off the effete matter from the human city.

8.—That it is as easy to fight disease through these seven millions of portholes, (if it were only with water squirts) as to fight it by firing at it with pills through one passage only—Stomach-lane; just as it is easier to put out

\*THE SKIN—an organ, which in past times, medical men have most neglected in their curative efforts—forms the chief, but not only scene of practical operation of the hydropathic physician. It is only necessary to contemplate the structure and functions of this portion of the animal fabric, to perceive what a mighty instrumental agent it presents for therapeutic applications. Consider the organisation of the cutaneous membrane, with its myriads of tubes for the purposes of perspiration; examine its intimate structural connection and direct sympathies with the entire economy of the mucous membranes; reflect on the mass of nerves and blood-vessels which permeate, and, in fact, form a principal portion of its vital tissue; and you must at once admit that the skin, in a normal condition of the body, is the arena of actions the most essential to life, and, in a state of disease, presents a means of curative agency which no other portion of the body at all even comparatively affords.—“Hydropathic Notes and Cases.”

a fire in a house by sending water through the doors and windows, than by firing stones down the chimney; and there would be less smash inside.

9.—That if the stomach be made continually the battle-field where pills are fired at disease, the field itself must soon be rendered unfit for any other purpose.

Problem:—From a diseased two-legged figure named man or woman, to describe a healthy figure of similar proportions.

Hydropathic solution: Keep the above points in your eye, and the remainder of the problem will be solved by dissolving the disease in water, after one or more of the following fashions, which according to circumstances and the orders of the doctor, will be cold or hot, short or long, strong or weak, frequent or seldom. In the solution of the problem you will be assisted by a Bathman—(male or female according to your own gender)—a sort of human mermaid or wet-nurse, who believes water to be the milk of human kindness; is sufficiently amphibious to ride a hippopotamus in Astley's, or act as master of the ceremonies at a ball of fishes.

#### THE PACK.

*Packing.*—Scene, bedroom. Enter Bathman, with a wet sheet. Get up while he spreads it on a bed or mattress. Lie down while he rolls you up in it and tucks a heap of



blankets, &c., around you. There—you are bound hand and foot, like a sack of hops directed “to be left till called for;” or a waxwork figure packed up for removal;—done into a mummy. Bunged up worse than Ali Baba bunged up the robbers in the story of the Forty Thieves. When done enough (in an hour, more or less) the pudding bag is removed, and the smoking human pudding rolled into a cold bath or cold wet sheet; well rubbed with a dry sheet. Dress quickly; take a drink of water and a walk to the top of the hills: come home and empty plates quicker than a race-horse can run for them.

Terrible teeth-chattering process, this, reader, is it not? Quite the reverse; the teeth-chattering is only in imagination. After the first shock the body warms gradually; a delicious sense of balmy, soothing comfort, steals over the patient. Sleep generally ensues, even in cases where it cannot be procured by other means, accompanied by such dreams as De Quincy describes in the early stages of his opium eating; and the only disagreeable part of the process is the being awakened by the inexorable bathman and obliged to get up. The subsequent immersion in cold water, followed by the dry rubbing and exercise, produces a warm glow, a lightness, and buoyancy of body and mind, which even I, accustomed as I unfortunately have been to exist almost upon artificial stimulants, never before experienced. Life, which, but a few hours before, seemed a burden, is felt to be a blessing;

and the patient thanks God for existence;—and as he looks around upon creation's beauties, breathes the pure scented air, and feels the sun's genial glow; or watches and listens to the lark as it mounts Heavenward, singing its morning hymn, he thanks his Maker for being permitted to live in a world so lovely: a world blessed by God but cursed by the evil customs of man.

There is one terrible idea connected with the wet sheet packing. Edgar Poe tells of a man who was subject to death-like trances of long duration. He lived in dread of taking one of those fits when amongst strangers, who, not knowing his disease, might think him dead and bury him alive. He once awoke in the hold of a small vessel ballasted with clay. He had no room to move. He smelt the clay, and the thought burned through his brain that he was buried alive. That must have been a terrible sensation. A commercial traveller once experienced a somewhat similar sensation, only less terrible, on finding himself, after that worst of all diseases, delirium tremens, locked inside a large four wheel dog-cart. His man had thus safely encased him in the stupor of sleep during a benighted drive. It was an ugly position the Yankee was in when, seated on top of a rock without means of escape, he saw a shark staring expectantly at him, and evidently waiting for the tide to rise—and it was rising quickly—that he might swim to and devour him. 'Tis an awkward fix when a man holds a ram

by the horns, knowing that the moment he lets go, the ram will turn a battering ram. But of all positions, fixes, and sensations, none can be more terrible than to be helplessly bound in a pack sheet, and to see a vicious wasp, with his sting ready for action, hovering in the immediate vicinity of your nose.



A TERRIBLE POSITION.

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#### MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE PACK.

A strong prejudice exists in the minds of many that the wet-sheet packing is a universal remedy in hydropathic practice. This is an erroneous idea. In my own practice, at least, the entire wet sheet is a remedy used only in certain forms of disease, and in those cases where the power of reaction is vigorous and sound. In a large number of my successful cases the patients have never used the pack-sheet at all. The *partial* packings, however, in some form or other, I almost invariably recommend; as, for example, to the chest, the stomach and bowels, or to any portion of the body where the peculiar

medical influence of that application may be required. The horrors of the water treatment exist only in the imagination, and few patients, after a brief trial, but smile on the anticipated evils of baths which, on experience, are found to be as pleasant in their operation as they are beneficial in their effects.

The philosophy of the pack is simple. A towel or sheet is wrung out of tepid or cold water, and placed on a portion of or the entire body, and surrounded by an adequate envelope of blankets, so as effectually to exclude the external air.

The next stage of the process is that of *reaction*. The internal heat of the body averages about 100°. The heat of the skin is not quite so great. The pack is ordinarily administered early in the morning, when the body has the accumulated warmth which results from enclosure during several hours in bed, and can afford to lose a certain amount of caloric. We know, that, in accordance with well-known law, if two bodies of different temperature be placed in contact, in a given time the one will lose and the other gain, until an equilibrium of temperature has been effected.

The time occupied in the accomplishment of this result varies according to the power of reaction in each patient, in other words, the extent of the vital power. The experience of the physician must determine, therefore, in each individual case, the extent of surface involved in the application, the temperature of the water from which the towel or sheet has been wrung, the capacity of the patient to bear a certain degree of shock on the cutaneous nerves, and any other condition involved in the successful application of the remedy.

A moderate degree of experience and care will attain this end with almost unerring exactitude. The cautious physician will be careful in the commencement of a case, rather to make too small than too large a demand on the vital power of reaction, which under a successful course of treatment increases in its strength, that is increases with the increase of vital power. Commencing with a moderate application, he can readily from day to day increase the force, or if the body does not quickly warm it decrease the size of the pack or raise its temperature.

In fever, where the internal and external temperature of the body is largely in excess, the pack may with advantage cover the

entire body, and the temperature be cold, and repeated from time to time, until the pulse and temperature have been reduced to the normal standard. The agency of the pack and subsequent shallow in reducing fever or febrile excitement is marvellously but philosophically effective. I have in twenty years' experience of the water treatment witnessed numerous cases every year, in which the water treatment has been evidently successful in the rapid and safe reduction of fever—rapid in removing the disease—and leaving little of that exhaustion of the system which, under ordinary medical treatment, renders the period of convalescence almost as long, if not of longer duration, than the disease which preceded it.

Other equally unfounded charges are brought against the pack. The one most prominently adduced is the hyper action of the skin, which it is supposed to create, and consequent weakness of the cutaneous membranes and susceptibility to atmospheric influence. It must be remembered, however, that after each pack the body is immersed in water—tepid or cold, according to circumstances, or rubbed down with wet towels—and in this way a vigorous condition is induced, which experience proves to be the very opposite of the tenderness of skin supposed to be brought on by the pack, in fact patients feel day by day more equal to brave the air and less chilly or susceptible of changes of weather. The charge of increased tenderness of the skin induced by the pack, to an experienced water-patient would excite a smile. Besides, the pack is one of the remedies used for a limited period, and in order to the accomplishment of a therapeutic object. When that object is attained the pack is of course discontinued, and other and more bracing treatment substituted. A sudorific medicine is prescribed by the ordinary physician as a necessary remedy, and as a consequence during its operation the skin becomes more susceptible, and corresponding care is required to avoid undue exposure. No physician, however, would eschew the employment of sudorific medicines, merely because a temporary influence was induced which rendered the body more susceptible of cold, but which under ordinary care would be productive of no mischief. The hydropathic remedies which act on the skin have this advantage, that each bath is followed by ablutions in water of a temperature which rouses into healthy action the cutaneous vessels, and by their bracing influences prevent all fear of cold.

GRINDROD.

## THE SHALLOW BATH.

So called from its containing only a few inches of water in depth. In this the patient sits, while the bathman throws the water on or over him, all-fours, with a towel as pleasantly as if he were playing a rubber. Sometimes water is poured on the head of those who don't mind having water on the brain. *Mem.*: this remark, of course, applies only to such water patients as are supposed to have brains. Rub dry; dress: and trot off as usual. Lover's "Sally sally, shilly shally," is the most appropriate song for this bath.

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MEDICAL USE OF THE SHALLOW BATH.

The shallow-bath has various medical uses. After the body has been enveloped for some time in the pack, and the skin has exuded a greater or less amount of morbid matter, or even simply the products of slightly increased perspiration, a thorough wash is essential, not merely for pleasureable feeling, but to remove the extraneous substances thrown off, and also to establish a more thorough and vigorous reaction of the capillary blood vessels. The same principle of action applies to the use of the lamp or vapour bath. Unquestionably, after the body has for a period been enveloped in a warm pack or submitted to a preternatural degree of heat in the lamp or vapour bath, the skin is in a relaxed susceptible state, and on various grounds unfit to come in contact with the external atmosphere. Hence the value of the shallow or some similar bath, first, to remove the *materies morbi* thrown off during the operation, and secondly, in order to rouse into vigorous but healthy action the myriads of blood vessels and nerves on the surface, to *fix* the blood as it were on the skin which has been coaxed there by previous warmth, and thus by repeated operations, to induce that organ permanently to perform its proper share of labour in the animal economy.

The *temperature* of the water in the shallow bath will be regulated by the time of the year and by the reactive power of the

patient. The careful physician will readily adapt the operation so as to ensure a genial result without any fear of injurious consequences. Some invalids must commence the use of the shallow at even 90° or 85°. Others may first be immersed in water at 100°, and after gentle washing, the water may be slowly cooled down some 10° or 15°. Other parties can with equal and better power of reaction submit themselves to a shallow of lower temperature, even 60° and lower.

The *depth* of the water is usually about four inches, and may be varied according to circumstances, chiefly dependent on the reactive power of the patient. At first the amount of water prescribed to feeble patients should be limited, but as the strength increases the quantity used may be more copious, because the system can afford to lose a larger share of caloric.

The *friction* of body while in the bath and on emerging during the dry sheet operation, must also be regulated by the capability of the patient to bear it. As a rule, the hands of the bath attendant should be actively employed during the whole operation of the shallow, energetically rubbing the entire surface and rousing the cutaneous vessels into active exercise. The after friction with the dry sheet should be equally freely applied.

The *force* or *shock* with which the water is dashed upon the body must be regulated by the same law—the power of the nerves to receive it with genial reaction, so as to involve no after perturbation of the nerves—no subsequent exhaustion of nervous energy. A moderate degree of carefulness will readily determine this point.

The *time* of immersion in the bath is determinable by the law enforced above, i. e., the loss of caloric which the patient can sustain with due reference to the power of the body to replace it without too free a drain on the vital energy, either by the operation itself or subsequent exercise. The physician is not justified in prescribing a bath, shallow or otherwise, which is not followed by genial reaction, or which requires in order to produce permanent warmth an amount of exercise which induces bodily fatigue or exhaustion. Many cases have come under my notice in which the cure of the patient has been in part or wholly prevented by the use of baths which have required an amount of exercise to induce reaction which the body could not sustain. The waste of tissue induced by over-exertion, and also by the loss of animal heat by immersion in water of too

How a temperature has been greater than its reproduction. No wonder under these circumstances that a state of weakness consequent on muscular and other waste ensues, and the loss of that vital power which is the only unerring source of hope in the relief or cure of disease. The commercial rule is equally true in its medical application—that a prudent man ought not to spend all the money he makes as quickly as he gains it, but to put aside a portion as a reserve capital for possible emergencies. In like manner the prudent water-cure physician will not in ordinary cases prescribe baths to the utmost limit his patients can bear the operations, but let the force and extent of the operations safely and surely induce the medical end and at the same time build up a reserve fund of vital power.

Cases of course come under the hydropathic practitioner which, in the first instance, require a lowering treatment in order to “break the neck,” or to arrest the progress of a formidable disease, but these are exceptional ones, and the temporary loss of tissue and vital power is more than compensated by the arrest of morbid action. Subsequent care with an improved condition of the organic nutritive functions will soon build up the general strength. Here, again, the experience and skill of the physician are brought into active exercise, and his success altogether depends on his constant oversight and accurate estimate of the entire bearings of the case. The heroic treatment in hydropathic practice in special cases will effect “wonderful cures,” but in the great majority of invalids who labour under anæmic conditions of the blood, or who suffer from complicated affections of the brain or nervous system it will fail to achieve either relief or cure, and probably be followed by disastrous consequences.

—DR. GRINDROD.

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#### THE DOUCHE.

This is, in all its forms, a direct descendant of Niagara, of which it is a youthful representative. It is a fall of water varying in size and force from the gentlest spray to the roughest water spout. It is the shower-bath solidified, condensed, intensified, lessened, or decreased. Down it comes as gentle as evening dewdrops or



"Crashing, thundering, rumbling, tumbling down while the devoted patient stands *à la* Atlas, to receive it on his back or limbs. This is the strongest tonic and stimulant of all. Captain Claridge, in his work on the water cure, says that "such are the stimulating effects of the douche, that patients have been heard to declare that they felt as excited after it as if they had been indulging freely in champagne." Why not?

#### SONG FOR THE DOUCHE.

AIR.—"THE STORM," (CEASE RUDE BOREAS.)

Cease to lure us 'bout the ocean,  
 Neptune's is an easy couch,  
 Listen while a fellow patient  
 Sings the dangers of the Douche;  
 Stripped and shivering—quite defenceless—  
 Stunned by its terrific roar—  
 Now you're shouting—now you're senseless—  
 Now you're dashed upon the floor.  
 Hark! the bathman loudly bawling,—  
 "Stand up, 'twould'nt hurt a child;"  
 Still in vain for mercy calling,—  
 "Bathman, please to 'draw it mild.'"  
 Now 'tis over, rub and dress you;  
 Now the nerves are in full play,  
 "Bathman I'm all glowing—bless you,  
 Can't I have one every day?"  
 Now all you in sick beds lying,  
 Victims to each false alarm;  
 Pill and potion vainly trying,  
 Only doing further harm.  
 Try the Douche, its shocks and terrors  
 Are but fancies of the brain,  
 They must smile at vulgar errors,  
 Who would health and strength regain.

Would you climb the rugged mountain,  
 Would you hear sweet warblers sing,  
 Come and taste the crystal fountain,—  
 Nature's pure life-giving spring;  
 Breathe the tainted air no longer,  
 Leave your sickly painful couch,  
 Every bath shall make you stronger,  
 Nervous sufferers try the Douche.

When this effect is produced by  
 the douche, the patient may *legally*  
 demand an *armistice* and console  
 himself with being in *quarters*.  
 The bathman is bound over either  
 to replace each limb, or to keep the  
*peace*.



DEVIDO ET IMPERO.

## MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOUCHE.

The use of the douche to the popular mind is associated with danger and suffering. Unquestionably the douche is one of those baths which if not judiciously used may induce mischievous results. Like all therapeutic agencies, however, it requires to be applied in the proper case, with the proper force, and at and for the proper time. The powerful descending douche is a bath I only occasionally prescribe, and rarely, if ever, in the earlier stages of treatment. The principle which it would be well to observe in the concerns of ordinary life, of not spending money before you make it, is equally applicable to the use of the douche—to make power before you distribute it. The first object of the physician should be to regulate the functions, and as far as practicable to induce an increase of the vital power. This object effected, the invigorating influence of the douche may regulate the more forcible development of that power, and cause its more active and general distribution. It is evident, however, and experience demonstrates the fact, that the forcible stimulus of the douche or any similar potent agency must be confined to certain limits, or the vital force will sustain diminution and not increase. I have known not a few patients lose all the advantages gained by a lengthened and judicious mode of treatment by the over-powerful stimulation of the douche. A prudent tradesman or housekeeper would not, under ordinary circumstances, spend money as fast as he made it, so in the case of a patient it is important as the vital power accumulates not wholly to spend it in a contest with strong and exciting baths, but to reserve a stock for general purposes, to increase, in short, the general fund of life. This principle of practice equally applies to other modes of treatment besides the douche, and a want of attention to it is a prolific cause of disappointment in hydropathic treatment—the main reason, in my opinion, of this branch of therapeutic agency not having made more progress in public estimation. The larger sized form of douche is peculiarly stimulating in its effects, and requires to be carefully regulated. I have known it to operate on one unaccustomed to alcoholic stimulation, almost like a dose of brandy, rousing into momentary activity both body and mind, and if too long continued inducing a species of hysteria. The watchful physician, however, will readily avoid any injurious influence from this potent hydropathic remedy.

The douche admits of many modifications, both as regards force and extent of operation. It may be used of larger or smaller bore, and from a considerable height, so as to give great force in its application to any indolent surface where free stimulation is desirable. It may also be used from a more moderate distance, and with less vigour to surfaces requiring more delicate action, or in the form of a spray or shower bath, by the agency of a moveable tube with a rose affixed to its end. The spray or rose douche I often administer after a hot bath, and its effects are most refreshing and agreeable.

The ascending douche is a local tonic, and as such is productive of much benefit in many cases. The same remark equally applies to the eye-douche. —DR. GRINDROD.

#### THE ASCENDING DOUCHE.

This *waterfall* shoots *upwards*, and with considerable force too, through a seat on which the patient is understood to sit. It is much used by jockies and members of Parliament, who find a difficulty in keeping their seats, and who invariably recover the power to do so after an experiment or two on the above-named watery up-start.

While undergoing, or rather *overgoing* this operation, the patient may sing the old ballad



“How happy the man that can sit at his ease.”

## THE EYE BATH.

In this the patient keeps his head barely above water, and his eyes open. This arrangement is adapted to tradesmen on the road to bankruptcy and their creditors. Several musical compositions suggest themselves to my mind as suitable for this bath. In running them over, however, I am compelled to exclaim OH MIHI BEATA MARTINI.

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## THE FOOT BATH.

Chiefly intended for the head, to draw anything out of that organ that is not sound. The feet are placed in cold or warm water and well rubbed. Mustard is sometimes taken with the water, according as the articles are considered to be trotters or calves. This is not a difficult bath to administer properly, but most patients put their foot in it. To rub your own feet during the bath without feeling fatigue is considered a feat of arms.

The patient in this bath need not sing, but can "foot it" to any tune he likes, or read the foot notes of this work.

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## MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOOT BATH.

Apparently a bath of minor importance the foot bath is one of essential value in hydropathic practice. It may be administered of various temperatures. The cold foot bath is prescribed only in cases where the re-active power is vigorous or the patient is able to engage in after active exercise. The warm foot bath, with mustard, is an application I frequently prescribe in persons of feeble re-action and who suffer from coldness of the feet. In ordinary headaches, but in particular in persons suffering from an overflow of blood to the brain,

the foot bath affords great relief. In brain congestion, coldness of the extremities is almost invariably a prominent symptom, and one readily perceives how the withdrawal of blood from the head induces a more free distribution in the feet, and affords corresponding cerebral relief. The foot bath is undoubtedly a bath of much practical importance.—DR. GRINDROD.

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### THE DRIPPING SHEET.

This sheet, wrung out of cold or tepid water, is thrown around the body. Quick rubbing follows, succeeded by the same operation with a dry sheet. Its operation is truly *shocking*. Dress after to prevent remarks.

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### SONG OF THE SHEET.

(AFTER HOOD.)

With nerves all shattered and worn,  
With shouts terrific and loud,  
A patient stood in a cold wet sheet—  
A Grindrod's patent shroud,  
Wet, wet, wet,  
In douche, and spray, and sleet,  
And still with a voice I shall never forget,  
He sang the song of the sheet.

Drip, drip, drip,  
Dashing, and splashing, and dipping;  
And drip, drip, drip,  
Till your fat all melts to dripping.  
It's oh for dry deserts afar—  
Or let me rather endure  
Curing with salt in a family jar,  
If this is the water cure.

Rub, rub, rub,  
He'll rub away life and limb ;  
Rub, rub, rub,  
It seems to be fun for him.  
Sheeted from head to foot,  
I'd rather be covered with dirt ;  
I'll give you the sheet and the blankets to boot,  
If you'll only give me my shirt.

Oh men with arms and hands ;  
Oh men with legs and shins ;  
It is not the sheet you're wearing out  
But human creatures' skins.  
Rub, rub, rub,  
Body, and legs, and feet,  
Rubbing at once with a double rub,  
A skin as well as a sheet.



RUBBING WITH A SHEET.

My wife will see me no more—  
 She'll see the bone of her bone,  
 But never will see the flesh of her flesh,  
 For I'll have no flesh of my own :  
 The little that was my own,  
 They won't allow me to keep,  
 It's a pity that flesh should be so dear  
 And water so very cheap.



NEEDLESS FEARS.

Pack, pack, pack,  
 Whenever your spirit flags,  
 You're doomed by hydropathic laws  
 To be packed in cold wet rags ;  
 Rolled up on bed or on floor—  
 Or sweated to death in a chair ;  
 But my chairman's rank—my shadow I'd thank  
 For taking in my place there.



Slop, slop, slop,  
 Never a moment of time,  
 Slop, slop, slop,  
 Slackened like mason's lime ;  
 Stand and freeze or steam—  
 Steam or freeze and stand ;  
 I wish those friends had their tongues benumbed,  
 That told me to leave dry land.

Up, up, up,  
 In the morn before daylight,  
 The bathman cries "get up,"  
 (I wish he were up for a fight.)  
 While underneath the eaves,  
 The dry, snug swallows cling,  
 But give them a cold wet sheet to their backs,  
 And see if they'll come next spring.

Oh ! oh ! it stops my breath,  
 (He calls it short and sweet,)  
 Could they hear me underneath,  
 I'll shout them from the street !  
 He says that in half an hour  
 A different man I'll feel,  
 That I'll jump half over the moon and want  
 To walk into a meal.

\* \* \* \* \*

I feel more nerve and power,  
 And less of terror and grief ;  
 I'm thinking now of love and hope—  
 And now of mutton and beef.  
 This glorious scene will rouse my heart,  
 Oh, who would lie in bed ?  
 I cannot stop, but jump and hop ;  
 Going like needle and thread.

With buoyant spirit upborne,  
With cheeks both healthy and red ;  
The same man ran up the Malvern crags,  
Pitying those in bed.  
Trip, trip, trip,  
Oh, life with health is sweet ;  
And still in a voice both strong and quick,  
Would that its tones could reach the sick,  
He sang the song of the sheet.

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#### MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRIPPING OR WET SHEET.

The dripping sheet has many medical advantages. It can be easily used either in a family, or at a water establishment. Two sheets and a pail of water are always ready at hand. One sheet is immersed in cold or tepid water, and the patient (standing with his feet in warm water on a sponge bath) has it rapidly thrown over him, usually the head being left exposed, when both bath attendant and patient at once commence a vigorous course of rubbing on the entire surface the body, every portion of which receives an equal share. The shock of the application, in particular when it can be administered cold, excites quick re-action, and the blood is effectually drawn to the surface, while brisk friction and after exercise, not only induce more warmth, but tend to make the re-action permanent.

As in the application of other baths the temperatur. of the water in which the sheet is immersed—the time it is suffered to remain on the body,—and the extent of rubbing,—each of these points must depend on the strength and other conditions of the patient. The *shock* of this bath is at first an objection to its use by highly nervous patients, but in those of more vigorous nerve it constitutes a most agreeable operation. Other patients labouring under peculiar head symptoms are compelled to be quiescent and to leave the rubbing operation exclusively to the bath attendant; experience proving that the exertion of rubbing induces a too free flow of blood to the head. Many persons, even of feeble bodies, bear with advantage first a sheet taken out of warm or hot water, and afterwards one dripping with cold or tepid. This operation is

analogous to one I give in numerous cases with advantage—the bath ordinarily about—100°, followed by a tepid or cold one, the warmth imparted to the body by immersion in warm water first enables it to receive with pleasure and advantage a subsequent tepid or cold one.

The sheet in some cases is administered not in a dripping condition, but more or less wrung out—a process which renders it more agreeable to a class of nervous and weak invalids who are unable to bear the shock of a sheet saturated with water.

After each patient has been under the operation of the wet or dripping sheet for two, three, or more minutes a dry sheet is at once thrown over the body and the brisk rubbing is continued until the body is thoroughly dry and re-action ensured.—DR. GRINBROD.

#### THE SITZ OR SITTING BATH.

This is a sort of tub-shaped bath, in which the patient sits; the middle of his body rolled up comfortably in cold water, and his shoulders and feet not being admitted except on business. Some call the taking of this bath “hatching health.” To a novice it looks more like hatching eels.



A PECULIAR SITUATION.

Snarling philosophers like it because they resemble Diogenes

in his tub. Doctors don't allow reading in this bath unless some suitable book, such as Swift's "Tale of a Tub," Henderson's "Artificial Incubation," or the "Philosophy of Martin Tubber." In the flowing sitz bath the cold water runs continually in at one end and out at the other. In this no patient has hitherto ever been scalded.

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#### SONG FOR THE SITZ.

AIR.—"I'M SITTING ON A STILE MARY."

I'm sitting in this stile, Mary,  
 The bathman by my side ;  
 And if you saw me now, Mary,  
 You would not be my bride ;  
 They call this hatching health, Mary,  
 I cannot tell you why ;  
 There's water to my waist, Mary,  
 And water in each eye.

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#### MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE SITZ BATH.

The sitz bath from its therapeutic value is largely prescribed by hydropathic physicians. The patient *sits* in water of varied temperature, and for a specified period, enveloped in blankets so as to prevent mischief by exposure to chills.

The temperature of the bath may range from 90° to 60° or even a lower degree of cold according to the power of re-action. The time during which the patient should remain in it may vary from two or three minutes to 10, 15, 20, or even a longer period. No unvarying rule can be given in reference to either of these points, as both the temperature of the bath and its duration must be regulated by the medical requirements of the case. To a patient of weak frame and feeble re-action a bath with water of 80° or 85° of temperature is relatively as cold as one of 60° to an individual of full blood

and vigorous physical energies. Persons suffering from brain congestion obtain wonderful relief from the sitz. In certain forms of headache it is an efficient remedy. The tonic calming influence it exercises on the brain and nervous system is a subject of constant observation among the patients. In cases of constipation it is a remedy of great value, in particular when associated with brisk friction of the abdomen. In heart affections the sitz is a remedy of great value, inducing a powerful sedative influence.—DR. GRINDROD.

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#### THE FLOWING SITZ.

In cases where the body permits or requires free abstraction of heat, the sitz is so arranged that the water constantly flows in and out, and, therefore, maintains during the entire operation, nearly the same temperature. The free abstraction of caloric in persons of vigorous powers of re-action, in the ordinary sitz, soon raises the temperature of the water, and this not unfrequently to a degree which renders the bath medically inoperative. Hence the value of the running sitz in its certain abstraction of heat and free determination of blood to the skin, whereby it is effectually withdrawn from the brain or other vital organs, and affords corresponding relief. Under the circumstances, the sitz acts as a derivative.—DR. GRINDROD.

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#### THE LAMP OR SWEATING BATH.

The patient is snugly enclosed in a sort of hooped cage, closely surrounded by blankets, &c., while spirits of wine are burned in a lamp underneath. The appearance is somewhat crinolinish, only that the hoops are covered with useful material. These magical lights are generally applied to heavy individuals, who through their means become long lives. When the smell of turtle is found to proceed from a house in Malvern it is understood that a London Alderman or other official dignitary is taking a lamp bath. Dr.

D——, a London M.D., one of our party, some time ago, when thus enthroned, declared himself a candidate for the See of Bath and Wells. After it of course follows a cold ablution. This bath is found beneficial in healing quarrels between married people, and lovers, by bringing them into the “melting mood.” The following descriptive chant may be given during the operation, or sent to friends should the victim survive.

I've heard of the mystery in the Arabian Nights' history,  
 Of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp ;  
 Which history in one sense, was only pure nonsense,  
 Though vamp'd up by Mons. Hugo Vamp.  
 But avoiding tradition and all superstition,  
 Found in the Arabian Nights ;  
 At present 'twould seem that they cure men by steam,  
 By means of new magical lights.  
 I'm broiled in hot air from that lamp neath the chair,  
 I know I'll be perfectly cured.  
 I'm going to expire! all the fat's in the fire!!  
 And the flames rising higher, fire! fire! higher! higher!  
 Going,—gone : and not even insured !



GOING.



GONE.

## MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE LAMP BATH.

The lamp bath, technically so called, is one of the most popular hydropathic methods of obtaining free action of the skin. It is usually accomplished by burning a wick in a spirit lamp, which is placed underneath a wooden chair, and surrounded by several blankets, so as to form an effective and impervious tent. The seat of the chair may be covered with a cushion, and a towel may be placed in front of it, so as to intercept the direct influence of the heat. The blankets may also be arranged so as when desirable to modify the bath,—either hastening or shortening its duration by exposure of the body to a larger or smaller degree of heat. The lamp is not at all necessary to the operation—a simple open tin, holding about 3 or 4 oz of spirit, placed, in order to prevent accident if it should be upset, in a small bowl filled with water under a common, but large kitchen chair, with three or four blankets or rags thrown around, is all that is required, and such appliances are usually at hand in every ordinary house. The time during which the patient should remain in the bath will vary according to the period of the year, and the susceptibility of the skin. Usually the whole operation, including the after-wash in the shallow, does not occupy more than 30 or 40 minutes. When free perspiration is an object, it is desirable that the patient should remain in the bath some ten or more minutes after the skin on the forehead and face show unmistakeable signs of action.

To facilitate the action of the bath it is useful to place the feet in a pail of hot water. Not unfrequently, a small pan is placed over the lamp, with water, which diffuses an aqueous vapour, and partially converts the operation into a vapour bath.

During the bath, the attendant can, when desirable, frequently sponge the face with cold water, or place cloths saturated with water on the head.

Water may be drunk freely and with perfect safety during the continuance of the bath, and also at its conclusion, provided after exercise is indulged in.

The time of day when the bath should be taken is of itself a matter of indifference, and may be regulated by other circumstances, as for example, the strength of the patient to bear it, the propriety of out-door exercise on its completion, or the necessity of subsequent rest in bed or on a sofa.

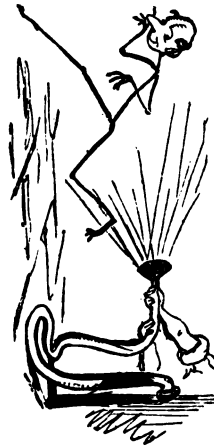
After each lamp bath a wash down in a shallow, or some similar ablution is indispensable. In some cases pails, or even the spray douche may, with advantage, succeed the wash down.

When the patient is equal to exercise in no case is there any fear from exposure to the air. The thorough ablution of the body with tepid and cold water abundantly invigorates the skin and renders it equal to free atmospheric contact. During twenty years' experience of this and similar baths I have not known a single instance of mischief resulting from indulging in out-door exercise. Other, and medical reasons, however, may render it undesirable.

The value of this bath in ordinary medical practice and the ease with which it can be administered in every house renders it one of peculiar value.—D<sup>R</sup>. GRINDROD.

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The spray, rain douche, shower bath, and all minor douches, may be taken according to either of the plans suggested by our artist.





The above are only a few of the processes of the water treatment. In addition to these there are vapour baths, medicated baths, fomentations, medical rubbings, and an endless variety of compresses, or wet (and dry) bandages worn in all shapes, on or around all parts of the body, or any particular part affected; with, to use a shop phrase, several other articles too numerous for insertion. You thus see that hydropathy is not merely a system of cold water treatment, but is one great whole made up of many parts, including strict attention to the laws of diet, rest, exercise, and air—its indispensable handmaidens. Many of the processes might be used with much advantage by persons in their own homes, and much disease might be prevented by people washing their bodies even once for every ten times they wash their hands and faces. Let any of my readers make a practice of using the dripping-sheet for instance, and they will find it not only the most convenient way of taking a regular ablution, but one of the cheapest and best tonics and stimulants—the best preparation for a day's toil, and the best reviver after it.

Notwithstanding that much of the hydropathic system might be adopted with advantage at home, yet to carry it out fully, and give its principles and practices fair play in the cure of disease, nothing less than a sojourn at a place like Malvern, and the surveillance of a medical man, will do. Be it remembered that the water doctors here are regularly qualified practitioners, who gained distinction in

the profession before adopting the water system. Many of them still use drugs in addition to the treatment, when their use is required in particular cases. Dr. Grindrod does, for one.

I must now change these sheets for a dripping sheet, and my ink bottle for a sitz bath. If I am not liquified to a nonentity, or found in the sediment at the bottom of the bath, I shall shortly endeavour to describe a day of outdoor life in Malvern, when we shall drain deep punch bowls of Health and Pleasure.

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#### RATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC WATER TREATMENT.

Absurd and erroneous notions widely prevail in reference to the water treatment. To some extent a prejudice founded on incorrect data exists even amongst members of the medical profession, at least those members of the faculty who have not given due consideration to the therapeutic merits of the hydropathic processes. A notion somewhat extensively prevails that the system is a *routine* one, i.e. that each and all the patients undergo the same processes irrespective of the special complaints under which they labour, and the specific medical or therapeutic influences of each bath. The science of prescribing consists not merely in the administration of a drug, but in its correct application as to *strength, form of preparation, &c., in varying conditions of the disease.* Just so is it in the scientific adaptation of the water processes which require minute prescription as to temperature—time of application—force, and other essential hydropathic requisites. In the adaptation of these consists the skill of the water treatment practitioner. The *heroic*, and *routine* water treatment administered either by professional or non-professional men may, and does cure many, but how many does it kill? Individuals unqualified by medical education and experience often effect “wonderful cures,” but sad experience exhibits lamentable results in cases

where medical diagnosis is essential to the correct administration of a remedy.

The common and almost universal phrase "*cold water cure*" is a misnomer, and is productive of much misconception. Very seldom do I commence in any case with the use of *cold water*—never in cases of delicate invalids. Each bath to secure a beneficial result must be followed by genial re-action, and to this end the temperature of the water requires minute adaptation. The *shock* also of *cold water* is frequently productive of irritation to a sensitive skin, and the sympathetic effect on the brain and nervous system may be most injurious. With due precaution, however, even very feeble invalids gradually become accustomed to the use of water of a cooler temperature, and as nutrition advances, and the manufacture of blood in larger quantity and of a better quality increases—then, and only then, will the system be enabled to sustain, with advantage, colder therapeutic ablutions. Almost constantly have I under treatment infants and children—as well as persons 70 years of age and upwards, and by a careful attention to the law of adaptation—with successful results, and, certainly, never with injurious consequences. I use the word *never* because I hold that mischief from the water treatment properly administered and carefully watched need never occur. Of course, cases will occur where the system is not adequate to a *cure*, but the same remark is equally applicable to any other mode of medical treatment. To *relieve* disease is a commendable object of medical skill and solicitude.

The above observations remind me of another charge frequently made—that the water treatment is held forth by its advocates as a universal remedy—a *cure for all forms of disease*. Charlatans exist in every profession, but surely the educated and scientific hydropathic physician is not to be confounded with the ignorant pretender, or unwise and rash enthusiast. The enlightened physician will use each remedy in its proper place—not confine himself to one. Unquestionably medicines are of inestimable therapeutic value, but experience equally demonstrates the high medical value of water as an external agent, and under hydropathic administration.

The "*water cure*" is an unfortunate and inappropriate phrase. A remedy may be proper and useful and possibly the best under the circumstances of the case, but the nature of the disease may not admit of a *cure*.

*Hydropathic Sanatoriums* possibly may be the most suitable designation for legitimate and well-conducted water establishments. These institutions enable a physician to systematize the administration of therapeutic aid by means of water, or medicines, or other medical applications. Here the invalid can secure freedom from business care, or professional harass. In these establishments he can be submitted to a regulated system of diet, exercise, early hours of rest, and surrounded by agreeable and healthful social influences. Each and all these influences are medical because essential to relief or cure, but these alone in the great majority of cases would utterly fail apart from the additional aid derived from the therapeutic administration of the water processes. The *occupation* of the baths also has its advantages, although in a subordinate sense. Under any circumstance, however, the *fact* is undeniable that a vast number of cases in which the ordinary treatment has failed to accomplish relief or cure—a complete restoration to health and strength has been effected by hydropathic administrations and the adjuncts of the system. Nor is this fact a reflection on the skill or treatment of the ordinary practitioner, who has it not in his power in a densely populated town, or even in a country district, to prescribe and carry into practical operation the combination of hygienic and therapeutic influences, which can be procured alone at special sanatoriums. It is most desirable that a good understanding should exist between legitimate hydropathic physicians and the practitioners in medicine, and that each should work with and for the other in those special cases where the system is likely to be of use, but to this end the water physician must, to ensure the confidence of his brethren, exercise his professional skill in accordance with the dignity of a noble and scientific art, and disconnect himself from every form of charlatanic aid. Unfortunately for the dignity of hydropathy as a science it has been too frequently associated with quackeries, which have rendered it unpopular with the bulk of the members of the medical profession. On the other hand it cannot be denied that medical opposition to the system is too frequently founded on prejudice, but one which I believe is rapidly disappearing under the conviction of its merits and the necessity of admitting it as an unavoidable *speciality*.

An objection not unfrequently made by those who are compelled to admit the remarkable results which the water treatment ac-

complies in numerous cases is,—that hydropathic physicians *select their cases*. This charge scarcely requires an answer, insasmuch as the conscientious hydropathic practitioner is bound in every instance to receive those cases only under his care in which he is assured by past experience he can administer relief or effect a cure. The selection of cases, therefore, is a matter of obligation to the honourable hydropathic physician. The union of an hydropathic establishment with a boarding house is, under every point of view, undesirable, if not mischievous. Parties who need medical aid, or those immediate relations or friends who are necessary to their comfort and guidance, should only be admitted, and the latter individuals should be required to conform to the general rules of the sanatorium, on various grounds—whether dietetic or moral. *No temptations to deviate from rule should exist*. Where, however, a mass of individuals are admitted, merely on hotel terms, the patients are sure to be subjected to associations not conducive to the object of their visit.

I explicitly express my belief in the useful *combination of medicines with the water treatment*. Under ordinary circumstances this is not unfrequently indispensable. There are bodily conditions which imperatively demand immediate relief, and in which a union of medicine with the water processes is of eminent advantage. In most cases I admit it is desirable to relinquish the use of drugs, in particular those which are powerful in their action, and possibly there are few instances in which medicines could not be altogether dispensed with were the circumstances, mental or otherwise, favourable. Such however, is rarely the case. Patients are frequently the victims of groundless fears—time is essential in chronic cases to radical and complete restoration by the water treatment alone. Hence adjuncts which might be avoided may in special cases be most desirable. Besides, I have seen many cases where at a certain stage of the water treatment—some tonic, especially iron and codliver oil—has been of the most signal benefit. Narrow-minded, indeed, must be that hydropathic practitioner who would refuse to call in such additional aid.—DR. GRINDROD.

## CHAPTER VI.—SPICINGS AND FLAVOURINGS OF THE PUNCH.

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“By drinking grog I lost my life,  
And lest my fate you meet,  
Never mix your liquor boys,  
But always take it neat.”

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*Ben Backstay.*

Some of our dictionaries, with a view to brevity, give the etymological derivation of the word punch from the German *punsch*, and define it to be “a drink composed of spirits, water, and sugar.” Without entering into a learned dissertation on the legitimate component parts of punch, which our education and experience fully entitles us to do, we may just remark that two or three other ingredients enter into the composition of this renowned beverage, and contribute no little to give it relish and flavor. Our punch is not in its effects like that described by Dr. Bibibus, which when you look at a distant object makes you *Homo duplicans*, and which the learned doctor describes as “he is not as he should be,” *ipse he*, but “as he should not be,” *tipse he*. Doubtless it was under the *Homo duplicans* inspiration of punch or some similar potent compound, that

the inveterate spirit drinker (how our doctor would stand aghast at the analogy) confounded living substance with dead matter, when he made the brilliant physiological remark, "Water rots bend-leather—look at the soles of my boots! what chance, then, would my stomach stand?"

No fear of this result, kind reader, from drinking Malvern Punch, and neither head, stomach, nor heart will ache as a consequence. Even the spices mixed with it to give it zest, or the ingredients thrown into the bowl to give it taste, are as innocent and simple as the pure element which forms the body of the liquor.

I will only trouble my readers with descriptions of two or three of the spicings and flavourings of Malvern Punch, as equivalents to the sugar, and lemon, and spices, of our far-famed potation.

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#### THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATH.

This, truly, is a strange invention. Its object is to extract, by means of electric currents, passed through the whole or part of the body, mercury and other mineral poisons from the bodies of those whose health has been nearly ruined by taking them. The bath itself (the case) is composed of a metallic substance which holds a sort of telegraphic communication with a small machine placed above it. The result of the communication, or telegram, is then passed through the water, and thence through the body, on the

submarine principle. There is no shock, as in other electric operations. Spots of metallic substances, principally quicksilver, are said to be frequently found at the bottom of the bath. Indeed, the doctor finds that quicksilver leaves the bodies of some patients more quickly than other silver leaves their pockets. When the silver does not pass the patient is considered a smasher. The silver is considered the rightful perquisite of the bath attendant. During the operation may be sung—

“Gliding down the silvery stream.”

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#### THE COMPRESSED AIR CHAMBER.

This is the most fashionable bath of all, being taken in full dress. Several patients sit together in a circus-like apartment, not taking the air but having it pumped down their throats by means of a pneumatic machine erected at some distance. This machine is supplied from the hills with the raw material air, the superfine or oxygenic portion of which it sends through its own windpipes into those of the patients, and the refuse per contract to the Board of Guardians for the use of the poor. Its operation is most effectual in enabling reporters to compress long winded speeches. The bath is also a benevolent institution, being specially adapted for those who find a difficulty in raising the wind.

The following song may be sung during the operation.



The critic may detect too many feet in some of the lines,  
but being sung in the air chamber, the surplus feet are  
compressed, and the measure found to be in harmony  
with the air.

## WE'RE ALL PRESSING.

AIR.—“WE'RE A 'NODDIN.”

We're all pressing, press, compressing,  
We're all pressing, pressing in the air ;  
Doctor Grindrod presses, and so pressing in his care,  
That he presses us in here, to press in a double share.  
So we're all pressing,  
Pressing in the air.

We press love suits, as we press through life,  
Till we make an impression when the dear becomes a wife ;  
Our creditors press hard, and often press the stronger  
When pressed to have some patience and to wait a little longer.  
So we're all pressing, &c.

When patients are oppressed by oppression on the lungs,  
With night thoughts oppressing though not like Dr. Young's ;  
Dr. Grindrod says that pure oxygen is best,  
So he packs us all in here to pack air into our chest.  
So we're all pressing, &c.

The air is pressing—our lungs are pressing  
In and out like bellows, by these wonderful machines ;  
We're pressed for room—now doctor, try hard pressing ;  
Nothing but high pressure can compress the crinolines.  
So we're all pressing, &c.

You once wrote a book on “The Wrongs of our Youth,”  
As you're now in the press try the “Errors of the Age ;  
And in the new impression compress our rates and taxes,  
Hanging men and drugging them, though both are quite the rage.  
So we're all pressing, &c.

You press air into the lungs—extract silver from the skin,  
Just try upon our peckets, could you press some silver in ;  
Press down all oppression, and slavery and chains,  
And press into your patients' heads, if possible, some brains.  
So we're all pressing, &c.

The air chamber has attracted the attention of the curious and scientific. The bath is in a large furnished saloon, shaped like a bee hive. The patients in their ordinary dress, amuse themselves with reading, conversing, lounging, &c. The air is compressed by means of a pneumatic apparatus, worked by a steam engine, capable of giving adequate pressure, warmth, ventilation, &c. The first half hour is occupied in compressing the air up to the point of medical prescription, when the patients breathe it for about an hour. The last half hour is occupied in reducing the compressed air to the ordinary state of the atmosphere. No disagreeable sensations attend its operations. Its action is two-fold: first, in forcing gently the air into the air pipes and cells of the human system. Secondly, in passing larger portions of air into the blood to purify it and to effect those changes which disease has obstructed or prevented. It has been found a powerful remedial agent in bronchial affections, in all cases of irritation of the mucous membrane of the throat, lungs, &c., in cases of blood spitting, and in the first stages of consumption.

### MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE INFLUENCE OF COMPRESSED AIR.

The therapeutic influence of compressed air, in particular in disorders of the respiratory organs, has hitherto excited but comparatively limited attention. In my essay entitled "The Compressed Air Bath," I have given, at some length, the history of this new medical agency, with numerous cases of its beneficial influence in bronchial and other affections. My personal experience, now extending over several years, is decisive as to its great medical value in forms of diseases which ordinarily baffle other therapeutic agencies.

I do not in this place enter into a minute analysis of the diseases in which the compressed air chamber is most serviceable. Asthma unquestionably is one of those painful maladies in which it is found to be eminently useful. Patients labouring under the most distressing condition of obstructed respiration—literally gasping for breath—often after an hour's exposure to compressed air, breathe with comparative ease and comfort. In such cases during one seance the pulse is not unfrequently reduced some twenty or thirty beats in a minute. Nor is there anything extraordinary, in a medical point of view, in the result. The excited condition of the pulse and laboured respiration arises largely from an insufficient supply of air, and consequent disturbance of that equilibrium which in a state of health exists between the action of the heart and lungs. When, as is the case in the compressed air chamber, the blood obtains the due supply of air it requires for its purification, the necessity for laboured lung action ceases, and the pulse is reduced to a more normal standard. In primary disease of the lungs I have found the air bath to induce marked benefit. In the case of a clergyman from one of the West India Islands, where there was structural mischief, the use of compressed air was unquestionably useful, indeed the patient attributed his restoration from a state of much danger to this remedy.

The air bath is a valuable agency in conditions of general debility of the system, arising from impoverished blood. One of its modes of action in my opinion arises from the sustained but equal pressure on the whole system while in the bath, and consequent tonic influence on all the functions. This desirable effect, combined with the introduction into the blood of a larger mass of pure air, is admirably

adapted to invigorate the nutritive functions, and consequently to develop strength.

The dangers attributed to the air bath exist only in the imagination. The strength of the machinery prevents any mischief from mechanical causes. The necessary confinement in a limited space gives rise to imaginary evils, but one seance dissipates any fear on this point. Few patients experience any painful sensations, and when such exist they disappear after two or three baths. Effective ventilation is secured by adequate apparatus. Most persons, while in the air bath, express themselves as experiencing the pleasurable sensation of breathing a more than ordinarily pure and exhilarating atmosphere. In not a single instance have I found any injurious result to follow its administration.—DR. GRINDROD.

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#### MEDICAL RUBBING, SHAMPOOING, &c.

There are various forms of medical rubbing practised in Malvern, the representation of one phase, as given by our artist, is no sham, nor is it to be pooh pooh'd. It will appear from the above sketch that medical rubbing or shampooing requires the exercise of the head as well as of the hands.

No patient should undergo this process who is not a vegetarian and accustomed to exist without flesh. During the operation may be sung a new version of Dibdin's  
"Nothing like grog."

A fig for your cowardly lubbers,  
Who shiver whenever they think  
On the rubbing of medical rubbers,  
With nothing but water to drink.

Some people may cry "Cui Bono,"  
 What good is the shampooing art?  
 Won't it bring a man down quickly? O no!  
 'Twill make him a great Bony-parte.



THE SHAMPOO-DEMON, FROM A PAINTING BY RUB-ENS.

#### OBSERVATIONS ON MEDICAL RUBBING.

My views on medical rubbing have often been explained at length in my public lectures. The influence of friction on the skin in developing functional power was understood by the ancients and largely practised, not only in connection with the sudorific baths but in union with ointments prepared with various medicaments. Shampooing in the East is even in modern times almost universally used, and considered as a valuable, if not essential, auxiliary to health. Medical rubbing, as a special operation, and as directed to diseased parts, deserves a careful consideration.

As a tonic it possesses much value, tending largely to restore normal circulation on the cutaneous surface, in this way rousing into more vigorous play *skin action*. When we consider that the skin, in a large mass of individuals, is reduced from various causes almost to the condition of parchment, with its bloodvessels and nerves, and

oil glands, and sudoriparous tubes in a state of low, vital, and consequently inactive condition, we may well imagine, in conjunction with the energising influence of the baths, the tonic and emollient effects of general rubbing on the entire surface. As a mild form of *counter irritation* rubbing exercises an important medical influence, drawing blood freely to the surface, and thus relieving inward congestion.

The influence of rubbing in inducing the absorption of fluids and other morbid deposits, the result of local congestion, is often-times most beneficial and rapid in its effects.

In contractions of the limbs—in stiff joints—so frequently found in chronic cases of rheumatism, medical rubbing possesses peculiar advantages, the circulation being greatly increased by the process and the elasticity of the ligaments promoted.

Paralysed limbs receive great benefit from genial friction. When voluntary muscular action is prevented by disease, action of the muscular fibres from rubbing is most desirable, whereby a more vigorous supply of capillary blood is secured and nervous energy roused.

Here, however, I must give a few cautionary hints. Medical rubbing, to be successful and applied properly in proper cases, must be carried on under medical direction. Patients must not convert their rubbers into their doctors, or, in cases requiring correct diagnosis, they must be prepared to submit to possible injurious and sometimes irretrievable consequences. To be a good rubber requires peculiar flexibility of finger and equally apt manipulation. To prescribe rubbing, in the great majority of cases where it is likely to be useful, requires acquaintance with the structure and functions of the parts suffering under disease, and this only can be acquired from absolute anatomical and physiological knowledge. Without this special information the very opposite influences to those desired may be induced by the action of rubbing. Let an individual reflect for a moment on the structure of a joint with its cartilages and bursæ, and synovial fluid, and ligamentous bands, and its blood vessels. Let the mind for a moment consider the structure of the skin and its mesh of blood vessels, absorbents, sebiparous and sudoriparous glands; or what is more to the point, let any one study the structure—wonderful, complicate—but exquisitely organised, of the brain and

spinal chord, shielded as they are in osseous cases—and therefore not cognizable by the eye—and can it for a moment be supposed that parties ignorant of these vital facts can conduct with scientific accuracy an operation of much moment in its medical bearings? On the contrary, can it excite wonder that mischievous results follow undue confidence and unskilful or misdirected manipulations?—DR. GRINDROD.

#### A FEW WORDS ON CRISES.

Much misconception exists in regard to a crisis. What does the term mean? Is it one of real pathological signification, or, as commonly used, an expression of ignorance? In certain popular books of water patients, amusing dialogues are given of rejoicing invalids who welcome a few boils as tokens of cure,—heralds of regenerated blood. From upwards of 20 years' hydropathic experience, extending over a large list of patients, and including persons of every description of constitution—and of these a large percentage (at least 90 per cent) resulting in relief or cure—I do not remember more than a dozen cases of genuine *crises* i.e. determination of morbid matter to the skin—as a relief and termination of the complaint, in the form of boils or other similar eruptions.

Amongst well fed and well bathed patients boils or crises on the skin seldom make their appearance. Let, however, patients submit themselves to low diet and depressing treatment, and they will have a crop of boils to indicate poverty of blood.

It is by no means difficult to create boils or eruptions on the skin by heating compresses in combination with exhaustive treatment. To call this state critical is a piece of ignorance or imposture. Under such circumstances the only real cure is the mild use of baths and the free use of beef and mutton.

The mass of cases which come under medical treatment at hydropathic establishments are those in which there is a manifest poverty of blood and exhaustion of the nervous system. The heroic system of treatment under such condition is absolutely prejudicial. A mild form of treatment, on the contrary, by which gentle action of the skin is effected—digestion strengthened—generous diet administered—and nutrition advanced, is the sure and effectual mode of enriching the blood, and invigorating the nerves.

Outward crises may be left alone to nature. Almost every bath prescribed induces critical action—the packs—the compresses—the lamp baths—the sitz—the dripping sheets—each and all determine vigorous action to the skin, or other organs, and if properly administered in reference to the disease—enable the organs, by their normal, or even temporary hyperaction, to rid the system of materies morbi, if such exists in the blood. Few cases come under our care where lowering diet and exhaustive treatment effect a cure. Even in cases of obesity low diet is not a sound mode of treatment. The great object of the physician should be to raise the vital power, leaving nature to her own work, which is to free the body from disease. If in pursuance of this end a crop of boils appears, which I repeat is seldom the case, well and good—but boils forced by improper treatment and low diet are ever to be avoided as fraught with adverse, if not disastrous, consequences.—DR. GRINDROD.

And now, friendly reader, having given you abundant description of our punch bowls, the liquors they contain, and the effects they produce, with your kind permission we will introduce you to some of the companions of our revels, and if you like, you can join us in one or more of our “jovial sprees,” and when you have tested the excellence of our system, you can, if you desire, join our ranks and become one of our honourable fraternity. We promise you that when you have had enough you shall stop and not be tempted to take another glass, for we have in view that,

“Enough is as good as a feast,  
Did a man his just measure but know;  
A drunkard is worse than a beast  
When he neither can stand, sit, nor go.”



## CHAPTER VII.—OUT-DOOR LIFE IN MALVERN.

### MORNING.

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“Up in the morning’s guid for me ;  
Up in the mornin’ early :  
Though a’ the hills were covered with snaw,  
And though it were winter fairly.”

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Good morning, reader and friends ! How do you feel after your morning ablution—shallow bath, or dripping sheet, as I recommended ? Like a *glow-worm*, to be sure. The author surely deserves a vote of thanks for his kindness in giving the recipe for making cold comfort, and for doing what many live by doing, namely, increasing the quantity and improving the quality of your spirits by—water. “The village cock hath thrice done salutation to the morn” (leaving the hens to manage the-how-do-ye-do business for the evening), and the village clock hath just struck a-quarter past five in its own *chimerical* way. I have just had my first rinse. Hurrah for a Malvern morning out of doors. How silent everything seems. No shops yet unclosed, except one or two of those which, unfortunately for their customers, are last closed over night and first opened in the morning. Few persons are yet astir,

even in this early-rising place, save the sons of toil journeying on to the scene of their day's operations, with pipe in mouth, puffing defiance to "King James and his Counterblast," and other anti-tobacconists; can and cloth in hand, containing breakfast, and, perhaps, dinner materials. Go on, ye honest and useful sons of toil;—go on, fashioning our machinery, building our ships and palaces;—go on, spending the surplus of your hard-earned wages in the public-house; and, at last, *go to the Union*. No smoke, as yet, from any of the chimneys, save those of the large water establishments. Ah! the servants must be up early there. There are the Malvern Hills—there is St. Anne's Well. We shall visit it on our return; but even now we must not pass it without drinking. First at it! The folding-doors are yet closed; but we can push them open. Quite right too,—Nature's treasures should never be locked from her children. Now we wind round the hills—higher still! Now gaze above, below, and around you! Sublime, is it not? "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good." Mark how the sun raises the misty veil from creation's face, and plants his golden kisses on her lips. Mark how he glides from hill to hill, and from spire to spire, emblazoning on them, in golden letters, the merciful mandate: "Let there be light." Mark how towns, and trees, and spires, rise into view, and become developed by his rays, just as the figures on the glass of the photographer rise into view by the action of the developing fluid.

Mark how the birds, like children on the return of a parent, leave their nests, warble their joy, and nestle in the warm folds of her garment;—the lark, like the elder child, warbling the plainest and the loudest. Mark, too, how every blade of grass, and floweret, is washed in its dew-bath, till wiped dry by the sheet of sunshine. Hydropathy *is* the practice of nature. Oh, ye who delight in the mimic representations of Claude and Salvator Rosa. Here is the Great Original of which their best works are but paltry imitations. Here is a picture sketched with the pencil of mercy by the Great Master—a picture, soft and mellow as a mother's smile, fruitful as a mother's love. Oh, brothers; you whose days are turned into night and whose nights are turned into day by the fiendish wand of dissipation—you, who never hear “the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,” or feel the warm glow upon your cheek,—could you but see and contrast this scene with that of your last night's dissipation, the highest melodies of those birds whose songs even Jenny Lind would stop to listen to with admiration,—with your boisterous revelry,—the clear, fresh morning air, with the stench of the drink room! Thousands of you at this moment are creeping to bed with fevered heads and palsied frames, to seek in vain a respite from the gnawing consciousness of wrong-doing—of time mispent—talent perverted—hopes blighted—health shattered! of coming ruin; and disgraceful end! What though health and fortune be irrevocably lost, and friends irrevocably

estranged? What though death has come at the summons of dissipation? Dash down the maddening cup, and sobriety, empowered by mercy, will make him turn aside his dart for a short time at least, and give you an opportunity to repent; and leave behind some proofs that your errors were more the result of vicious customs fostered in the bosom of society, than of your own broken heart. I forget, however, that I am not on the platform. Yet what platform so suitable for speaking hope to the erring as a Heaven-erected one? There: I'm off my hobby.

The number of exercise-seekers is increasing. "Good morning, Sir." Our friend is a new comer, spoken with yesterday evening, when Plunkett, a wag, gave him a fearful account of the treatment. About 18 stone in weight, he is a Sir John Falstaff inflated, though not with wind. "Well, Sir, how do you like the treatment now?" "Confound their treatment," he roars, in a voice that reminds you of Lablache singing his deepest notes inside an empty hogshead:—"confound it; the fellow came to pack me this morning, but while he was getting his water-works in order, I gave him the slip. I'm an Englishman, Sir, and I like liberty—liberty, Sir. No putting on the screw: no hydraulic pressure!" His hat blows off. "Stay, Sir, I'll get it." A race of twenty yards in the direction of the hat, then a sudden halt to ask, "Is that an English hat, Sir?" "Yes, Sir, it is!" "Then it likes liberty, Sir, liberty: let it enjoy it!" What a look, and a hollow, vociferous

ejaculation, comprising a shocking consignment of yourself, and liberty, and Malvern altogether.

Hat obtained, and matters adjusted. Here's Plunkett, the leanest water-drinker in Malvern. 'Tis said that the doctor tries sweating baths, spare diet, and extra exercise, to fatten him, as all other means have failed, and as they cannot possibly make him thinner. It is also said that one of the doctors exhibited him to a strange patient, and in a few weeks afterwards pointed out a pudgy gentleman like our fat "Liberty" friend, calling him "Plunkett improved by water." Boys try to chalk him on the shutters, but the likeness is always fatter and rosier than the original. The sun finds it impossible to make his shadow visible without the aid of a microscope. He says himself he is only an India-rubber infant drawn out at full length. "Good morning, Plunkett." "Good morning," says he: "my number 11 (his legs) are in good going order this morning. I've left Thomas and Franks behind me:—here they are coming up the short cut. Holloa! Come on! Now, do you think a little brandy mixed with that water would help us up the hill?" "It might," I reply. "It has exalted many a man to the scaffold: I know it helped me *down* hill pretty quickly." However, I decline holding any arguments to-day—no discussions either on the Beacon or at the Well. I am engaged with friends to-day, giving them a peep at out-door life in Malvern. So *au revoir*—(I learned that sentence from a servant in a boarding-school. Its like Plunkett's legs. It means, "I'm going.")

We may descend the hill by a different route. Here are a lot of half-dressed pedestrians—hats off—collar and bosom open,—one of the principles of the system being to dispense as much as possible with warm clothing, and keep up the fire in the grate within, by means of exercise. One gentleman carries his coat on his arm. Should it come on wet or cold he'll take off his vest and necktie. Should it become excessively warm, however, he'll go home for his over-coat and umbrella to keep out the artificial heat.

We now wind round the bottom of the hill, and arrive at the most interesting spot around Malvern—**SAINT ANNE'S WELL**—opposite which I now sit, on a grassy hillock, pencil and notebook in hand. Groups of patients occupy eminences surrounding the well, while other groups flock in and out from it, of all sizes, ages, sexes, fashions, conditions, ranks, titles, and —diseases. Many loiter in the handsome circus adjoining the well room inspecting or purchasing some of the various fancyware displayed, including the specimens of photographic art exhibited by Mr. Downs. Donkeys (I mean four-legged ones) are not yet in much requisition. An occasional one, however, appears, and stops unbidden at the door, while the donkey-boy (or one of the keepers of the well, if a person of distinction and subscriber towards the repair of the walks on the hill) reaches him—not the donkey, but the rider—a glass of the pure beverage. There are glasses and mugs in the well-house, but some persons carry most curiously shaped mugs

of their own. It's not the fashionable hour yet : nevertheless you may see some symptoms of that genteel disease. Young lads of seventy-five, bowing to and ogling young creatures of eighty. Who would think that water drinking could be carried on in such a style ? See that delicate young lady just doing her sixth tumbler : does she want to improve her condition by getting dropsical ? See how that poor patient, whose disease is a breaking out at the elbows, waits to quench his thirst : not one of the fashionables offers to make way for him. What brings a ragged fellow like him between the water and their nobility ? Let him go and sell himself at Rag Fair, or drown himself in Ragwell, or dispose of himself to a marine-store dealer, and buy a coat with the money. Yes, a *lady* makes way for him ; you may know she's a lady by that one act. See how often that fop washes the glass after him.

Well, they make a clear passage *out* for the ragged fellow. There are people there who, if his rags by chance rubbed against their fineries, would go home and take an electro-chemical bath, or a medicated rose-water sitz. Time was when, at St. Anne's, as at other wells, the poor even washed their wounds ; but St. Anne's, like other public institutions intended for the general good, has undergone polite alterations for the benefit of certain classes ; and the poor Lazarus who would attempt to wash a wound there now would be sent for exercise to a gymnastic institution named the treadmill. Excuse me, reader, for dwelling so

long on these small matters ; if ever you had allowed the heat of your stomach to burn the clothes off your back you would rather dwell on them than in them.

“ Rags and tatters, rags and tatters ;  
Oh, the curse of these small matters.”

Breakfast time is approaching, and the move towards the town is general. Even the strains of the musicians begin to vanish. All for breakfast. In-door patients must be punctual. Stay, here comes one whose history I know—poor victim, he is scarcely able to hold the glass to his lips—another of Dr. Grindrod’s numerous out-door patients. He looks at the pale draught, then at me, as if to say, is it not hard to come to this after being accustomed to so different a beverage?—“ Drink it man, drink it ”—there’s not a headache or heartache in a barrel of it. Now for breakfast.

#### NOON.

‘Tis noon in Malvern, as it may be in other places. Fashion, like the sun, dazzles with full meridian splendour. The stir and bustle of this hour contrast strikingly with the quiet and silence of the morning. After all, the hum of life and business is pleasing to the ear. Let Zimmerman say what he will about solitude, human beings, like bread and butter, are best together. And let who will spend their lives reading pastorals, let me have an odd peep into “town life.” Let who will recline under trees taking Virgil’s “Colics” give me the social communion of the town :



"We've dinners, srees, concerts, and glees,  
 As yearly they come roun', O!  
 We've social teas, and grand soirées,  
 For ever in the town, O!  
 The town, O! the town, O!  
 The lively, pleasant town, O!  
 There's healthy strife and active life,  
 There's spirit in the town, O!

Though whiles we dream and whiles we scheme  
 How we will yet sit down, O!  
 And end our days in rural braes;  
 We'll never leave the town, O!  
 The town, O! the town O!  
 The active, stirring town, O!  
 Old Zimmerman would change his plan  
 To live in Malvern town, O!

There they are—hundreds of the upper ten thousand, men and women of eminence in the various walks of life and in their own estimation titled nobility, too, but I can't point them out to you, for, strange to say, Nature has forgotten to stamp "Patent," "Superfine," "Best quality," or any other trademark on them by which they might be distinguished from the commonest human crockeryware. Indeed, 'tis said that the Maker does not recognise any distinction. Carlyle says that without tailors there could be no means of distinguishing the different classes of society from each other; but, betailored as society here is, I can scarcely distinguish a lord from a well dressed barber. Much more difficult is it to distinguish them when in pack-

sheets or sitz baths. By the way, just fancy the idea of these nice-looking people being tucked in pack-sheets every morning.

Horse, pony, mule, and donkey phaetons are driving in and out in all directions, pleasure and pic-nic parties going and coming, excursion trains rolling in by the newly-opened railway from Worcester, Birmingham, and the "black country." The principal rush is to the "Beacon"—the top of the highest hill. Thither let us go. Lots of donkeys all in a row, with their lady owners and the juvenile drivers, or, as they are generally called, donkey-boys—a most assiduous and astute class of the rising generation. Dr. Grindrod, some years ago, established a donkey-boys' school. His must have been "a delightful task," truly, "to rear their tender thoughts, and teach their young ideas how to"—wallop their donkeys—the only acquirement they seem to possess in perfection. "How far up to the Beacon, boy?"—"Two miles, 'm, it be by the short way, and a mile and a half to go round."—"What do you charge for a good donkey?"—"A shillin', 'm, to the top, eighteenpence up and down; but as you be a good-lookin' lady, I'll charge you only one-and sixpence, and leave the rest to yourself."—"Is the donkey quiet?"—"Quiet, 'm! Never kicked in his life, only at one lady as would'nt give the boy anything; he's grandson 'm, to Royal Moses."—"Who's Royal Moses?"—"The donkey, 'm, as carried the Duchess of Kent when

her rode to the top o' the Beacon, and that was the makin' o' the donkey trade, specially the breed o' Moses. It done up the mules. All right 'm. *Whop.* Whether it be from the circumstances of the Duchess of Kent having patronised donkeyism, or the fact that donkeys are as strongly recommended by the faculty for exercise as they are by the dispensers of government patronage for office, certain it is that ladies are very partial to donkeys. 'Tis a pleasing sight to see the father and mother, each mounted on a donkey and riding one at each side of the donkey or donkeys that carry the children in baskets, forming altogether a happy family group. Phaetons too, can ascend by the zigzag road, some of them drawn by men who, their burdens say, are much safer than mules or donkeys, and are equally cheap. Taking the scene as a whole, nothing more resembles some scenes in a pantomime, where all manner of strange animals pass and re-pass—the pantaloons, harlequins, and clowns doing the leading business. There's a race, a crowd, and a laugh that re-echoes through the hills. A donkey has fallen under a lady. All inquiries are for the safety of the lady; not a word about the donkey, though the latter fell undermost. How they beat and kick the brute for falling! To be sure they do. Don't Sam Slick and Tom Stapleton harmoniously agree that it's "human natur" to kick everything for falling? Don't mothers whip their children when they fall in the gutter, the more so if they happen to cut their little noses, but most unmercifully if

they have dirtied their pinafores? Now what a pity that donkey is not dead outright. If he were, some Laurence Sterne would "soar to eulogise an ass," and sentimental punsters would denounce the conduct of his persecutors as assassination, and those young ladies who now cry "nasty, lazy brute," would write sonnets to the memory of a murdered donkey. The world is like an undertaker; it considers nothing of any value till it is dead. Kick the lazy brute, still—why not; this is only the fourth time to-day that he has been up to the Beacon, and the lady is not more than twelve stone weight. Where's the Humane Society? What a satire on the whole of society that so small a portion of it should be distinguished by the term humane! Ha! the donkey has one friend—a Quaker lady, who pleads, and with success too, for the suffering donkey, and offers to pay the boy for the journey if he will take the poor thing home and use it kindly. "God bless you, madam," is shouted out by an impudent fellow who always shouts out what he thinks; "God bless you, and all the kind-hearted set to which you belong. Friends to the down trodden, whether man or beast—from the days of Fox to your own, you have been the friends of humanity—and foes to war, slavery, and drink. Whether the secret of your virtues lies in your broad-brimmed hats, stiff collars, or scuttle bonnets, I know not, but this I do know—I have had much experience of mankind, and I never yet knew a Quaker that wasn't a 'Friend.'"

Here we are, on the top of the far-famed Worcester Beacon. Grand! glorious! sublime! are the exclamations of those who have just made their first ascent. On one side is the enchanting and undulating scenery of Herefordshire; on the other, the more simply beautiful plains of Worcestershire. From this spot you may behold a dozen counties; three cities are plainly distinguishable by their cathedrals; and, on a clear day, you may count no less than two or three score parish churches. Little enough too, when we consider that in the same area are ten times as many public houses. The battle between vice and virtue is not fairly fought. Reduce the number of public-houses to that of churches and schools, and let one be opened and closed as often as the other. Fair play.

Here are several engaged in cutting their initials on the turf—so it is, men climb the height of ambition to carve a name that the footsteps of the next passer-by will efface and obliterate. Every hill side is thick with health and pleasure seekers, whose peals of merriment would seem to imply that there was not an invalid amongst them. Let us accept the invitation of this pic-nic party and take a snack with them; 'twill obviate the necessity of our going home to dinner, and enable us to add evening to noon. Here's a question of debate: "Which is the happiest class of the three—the donkey boys, the riders, or the donkeys?" Debate adjourned. 'Twould be easy to tell which was the most useful.

I have noticed some of the modes of ascent; certain of the modes of descent may be worth observing. A favourite mode of going down hill is to sit like a collier at work, or as an Irishwoman sits when blowing the fire with her apron;—sliding along the feet while the hands maintain the balance of power and paddle or propel the body along. In this way ladies frequently lose their skirts, which loss generally occasions an appearance of confusion and bustle. Gentlemen, too, like members of Parliament who pursue the downward path of progress, generally endanger their seats. Groups of threes and fours play a game very common in the world;—they grasp hands in the most friendly manner that they may be the better enabled to pull each other down the hill. Here's a dance—"Roger de Coverley," in sight of the old mansion where lived that eccentric. Come on, neither Sir Roger nor Miss Terpsichore would pay now for the soling of my boots; though I wore out many pairs in their service. Winding round the hills by the Wytche, we again reach the town.

The Promenade is crowded—so are the Promenade Gardens, though 'tis not the day for the flower show. Those flocking in that direction are going to Townshend House. This is the lecture day. Dr. Grindrod will make them as well acquainted with their own internal machinery as a looking-glass makes a young lady acquainted with her face. What's this about? A Punch-and-Judy show. What! in Malvern? To be sure. Why, there are people

here who have heard every note of Sims Reeves, Mario, Grisi, and Piccolomini, and who prefer hearing Punch, his arms around the neck of dog Toby, squeak the difficulty of finding "a better friend than old dog Tray." What pains that lady takes to convince the child that Punch is but a wooden block dressed up, worked by pullies, and the speaking done by the showman. Good woman, let the child enjoy the delusion. Ignorance, in this case, is bliss. Why your principle of explanation would revolutionize the country. Suppose it were generally known that most of the personages in high places were little more than blocks dressed up in tinselled frippery, who have all the business of life done for them. Supposing—but I can't suppose without appearing to be irreverent, and everybody knows my respect for the better classes. Ah! the showman doesn't know his audience; he makes Punch beat too savagely, and the sensitive ladies turn away horrified. Bless your sensitive hearts, ladies; if you read the daily prints you will see that the reality of wife beating, of which this is only the sham, is daily and nightly practised all around you. Drunken wife beaters are nearly as plentiful as blackberries. Your sister women are bruised and beaten, and starved and murdered by the hundred, and the showman that does it all is Strong Drink—a gentleman who opens a show box at almost every corner, and is regularly licensed to go on with his performances.

The day is wearing, so we must not stop to notice all

the attractions of out-door life in Malvern. A turn by the Haywell brings us on the path that takes us towards home through the churchyard. Here let us sit. A minute's walk has brought us from the haunts of the living to the haunts of the dead. Thus, at the close of life's day we come to rest in the churchyard. Whatever sanitary reformers may say to the contrary, there are strong arguments in favour of grave-yards being permitted in towns. Here we have food enough for reflection without reading "Hervey's Meditations," "Gray's Elegy," or Montgomery's "Common Lot." Here's a lesson in every blade of grass, a sermon in every grave, and an exhortation in every lying epitaph. Thank God, the nameless graves of the poor, at least, are unpolluted by fulsome falsehoods. Even living sycophants won't lie to praise the beggar.

'Tis evening. The sun, ere he sinks behind the western hills sends his glittering rays to bid good evening to this side of earth. How slowly he moves his golden chariot as if loth to part from a scene so lovely. Here come his rays, like stripes of golden light, burnishing the homes of the living and the dead—writing "Resurgam" and "Excelsior" on the good man's grave.



## CHAPTER VIII.—IN-DOOR LIFE AT MALVERN.

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“Do they miss me at home, do they miss me.”

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“Ah, they *look* well enough,” said a visitor to me, “but consider what they go through within.” Well, of course, one cannot expect to find everything pleasant inside a water establishment with sick people for associates. Let us, however, take a peep at life in Townshend House. There it is as you see it in the pictures, with its broad pleasure grounds and garden, large promenade, and square tower surmounted by the flag under which the whole army of disease has been fought and conquered. Even at this early hour the patients are astir. Here they come singly and in groups, having taken their morning doses of cold-drawn water. They are off now for the hills. Some, not yet equal to the task of climbing, walk briskly about the grounds, calling to pay their morning visit to the ducks and goldfish in the pond. See them now returning from the hills glowing and skipping with forty aldermanic power of appetite. Now for breakfast. There they are ready for action. “But where,” you ask, “are the sick people?” Why *there*; seated at the breakfast table. “But they don’t appear to be sick.” Of course not; people don’t come to Malvern to look sick, but to look

well and to feel well too. Hearty as they look, many among that happy cheerful looking circle have been given up as incurable by their doctors. Watch now and tell me if ever you saw less symptom of stomach disease—no sign of lockjaw at all events. Observe too, that the breakfast is none of the scanty, half-and-half sort of things hydro-pathic breakfasts are usually supposed to be, but a good, old-fashioned English breakfast, minus salt meats, mustard, pepper, &c. The nonsense about brown bread, treacle and water breakfasts, has long since died out. The table here is full, free, and hearty. It is necessary, however, that Dr. Grindrod should keep under control the gastronomic powers of some whose gustativeness is greater than their digestion; and who, having eaten but little for some time previous to their visit, are anxious to make up for lost time. That young lady passing her cup for a prohibited extra, and who before she came to Malvern could not take anything but green tea and fancy biscuits for breakfast, and had no conception of eating meat without condiments, can now discuss with relish a plate of cold beef and enjoy a cup of cocoa with simple milk. The water treatment makes better sauce than the famous "Malvern Relish." See, she appeals again to the lady at the head of the table to sympathise in the weakness of her sex by filling "just this one." As the pangs of hunger become assuaged the conversation becomes more brisk. One lady has been to the Wytch, another has found such a rare and beautiful fern,

another will surprise the Doctor after breakfast with a fine geological specimen picked up in his morning ramble. That old lady to the right has entered the establishment to recover her appetite, lost through the continual practice of eating five or six meals a day, with an occasional sandwich between. A friend of mine suggested, as an appropriate mode of cure, a visit to the Sandwich Islands. That gentleman taking his sixth slice is a patient suffering from indigestion. The old gentleman next him seems troubled with bilious attacks upon bread and butter. The gentleman with spectacles is the popular preacher M. What a number of clergy frequent Townshend House. The one next him is Sir T——, an accomplished gentleman and no less accomplished scholar. The lady in conversation with him is Lady B——, who charms every one by the urbanity of her manners and by her unwearying attentions and kindness to the more delicate invalids. Near to her is one of a different order of nobility, the wife of a cotton lord, but notable for good sense as well as good manners, with a mind stored with the fruits of a sound practical education. Lower down the table is a distinguished author, whose works have gained him a world-wide reputation; and by his side you see that quiet, unpretending, but intellectual looking man, one whose eloquence and thought have oftentimes riveted the attention of the House of Commons. Thus you see them of all ages, conditions, and complaints, chatting, eating, and drinking as members of one united

family. All social distinctions are sunk in the desire to promote each other's happiness. Breakfast over, now for letter opening and answering, reading, writing, rambling, playing, promenading, &c., till the flocks are watered. The forenoon is not so congenial to combination as the evening. You may, nevertheless find a sufficient number of persons to join you in any pursuit of light pleasure you wish to choose. Listen, there goes the piano, touched by pliant fingers and accompanied by that sweetest of all instruments (because tuned by the Great Master himself), the human voice. Oh, it is Moore's master melody "The Meeting of the Waters." Listen still—

"There's not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.  
The last ray of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

No wonder the singer should mentally apply the lines to the Valley of the Severn. It has been truly a sweet valley to her. A life-long victim to one of the hundred forms of hysteria, she came here in sickness and despair. Having now nearly recovered, she has learned gratefully to love the Vale of the Severn. Hark! She has not yet forgotten "Home sweet Home," the sweetest ballad to the absent. Dear girl, she will soon be at home to make it more sweet and to enjoy the blessings of domestic intercourse and health. This gentleman discussing the American war question is from New York. Some weeks since he

could think of nothing but his own alarming state of health—chronic dyspepsia—now he feels as if he could stand a broadside as well as the Merrimac. The gentleman talking with the Doctor is General P——, an Irishman, and a soldier, full of anecdote and courage, and of faith in the army of baths for routing any foe from the human citadel. The Doctor now enters his consulting room and receives the visits of his patients. He knows pretty well from the enquiries and observations made during the morning meal how each patient is doing, but the more important cases have to attend and receive instructions formally. These carriages contain new comers among the upper class of out-patients. Those persons in close attendance are the poor unpaying class of out-patients, treated, however, with as much skill and care as if they were able to pay in full. No wonder there are so many poor in the world when they are kept alive for nothing, instead of having the sap dried out of them (according to the process mentioned in the chapter on water), laid by in a dry goods store, and watered into life again when required for war or other necessary demand. The principle might be applied to our surplus pauper population with much advantage—to themselves at least. We shall now visit the Winter Promenade, a crystal palace in miniature, and by far the finest and handsomest room in Malvern. The Doctor's principal object in its erection was to afford a place of exercise for his patients in winter, and when the weather is too severe or wet for out-

door exercise. It is, however, used by him also for occasional charitable and philanthropic meetings, for lectures, soirees, &c., &c. Here also the Doctor delivers his weekly lectures on Life, Health, and Disease, and the Principles of the Water Cure. After the lecture the visitors are permitted to inspect the museum and to promenade in the grounds. Thursday is a brilliant day at Townshend House, and splendid as the Promenade ordinarily appears, it is far more so when lit up or filled with a brilliant assemblage. These men imitating Deerfoot are two of the Doctor's gouty patients. A fact, I assure you. The ladies, you observe, do not practice the injurious system of tight lacing. You noticed it, did you? Well my dear fellow, never be sure of anything about a lady. Let me whisper you, as a most profound secret—each one of them has got a compress round her waist. Great deal of water goes to waste in Malvern. There goes the priceless Price, bathman extraordinary to the fleet. He has thrown more timid people into a sweat, and more cold water upon living genius than any school examiner or literary critic. The old gentleman now approaching is an over-worked author. The Doctor's great difficulty with him is to keep him from study. He ordered him sitz baths to draw the oppressed blood from his head. Visiting him when in the bath he found him reading a treatise in the sitz, thus counteracting one science by the other. Not content with the games of chance and skill provided, the patients sometimes play friendly games

upon one another, none, however, of a very disagreeable kind. In these the Doctor himself is considered fair sport when they can catch the opportunity. Many anecdotes are told of these good-humoured vagaries, but such things, as they say at exhibitions, must be seen to be appreciated. This turn takes us to the much talked of Geological Museum, the most valuable stone quarry, I am informed, in the district. If you are geologically inclined I promise you a treat. For my part, I consider geology the hardest of studies. Let me first read you the following paragraph from one of the county papers of November 16th, 1861. It is part of a report of a large assemblage of the *elite* at a *soiree* in Townshend House. Having described how the lords and ladies, sirs and madams, discussed bread and butter with other topics, the editor proceeds to notice the entertainment in which the tables were plentifully supplied with stones. "It is known to our readers that Dr. Grindrod has for some years interested himself in the collection of fossils illustrating the Malvern district. During the progress of the railway works the last two or three years, unusual opportunities for the acquisition of geological treasures have been afforded, and the Doctor has employed numerous men to disinter a large series of creatures who have been entombed for countless ages in the bowels of the earth; these specimens are now placed in the new museum, which is supplied with books, maps, diagrams, models, &c., in illustration. Dr. Grindrod's

intention is to permit, at convenient times, the free access of all geological students, and in addition to establish a School of Practical Natural History, with competent teachers or professors, who at suitable periods, will not only deliver lectures in the Museum, but form classes for field labour, and visit in person the quarries and strata in the district. We need not say that a plan of this kind, in a locality so wonderfully formed for geological study, will be a boon to a large number of students, and also constitute a training school for new investigators of a science so charming in its attractions and so practical in its results." "On the contents of the museum," continues the journalist, "we cannot enlarge in this week's impression. The specimens and fossils are arranged in geographical or rather stratigraphical order. Many of the specimens (some fifty at least), are entirely new to science. Some of them are perfectly unique, and it is understood that the collection is one of the finest, if not the most complete, of Silurian Geology in the kingdom. Unquestionably it is so of the Malvern district. One table in the centre of the room (there it is), was covered with those remarkable crustaceans the trilobites. These creatures were shown of every form and size, and a great number of them with their eyes in a perfect condition.\* One slab alone containing upwards of fifty specimens of a rare trilobite, of which a short time ago only some two or three good illustrations were known in England. It would be impossible, however, in a general article like the present,

\**Bites* should always have their eyes open.—J. B. O.



to do justice to the contents of the museum, and we must reserve it to a future sketch." When you consider that since this was written the Grindrod Museum has been much enlarged and improved, you will be prepared for a rich geological treat. Remember too, that the Malvern district is pre-eminently rich in geological treasure. First stand in uplifted majesty the whole range of some seven miles of the Malvern Hills, chiefly made up of syenite, whose mother or grandmother, I believe, is granite. Adjoining these on the western side of the hills the learned "stane breakers" find tumbling about, rocks upon rocks, piled in apparent confusion one upon another, but which the Philippses, the Symondses, the Grindrods, and others, tell us are distinct pages of a book whose leaves, though scattered in seeming confusion and disorder, they can with ease collect, fold up, and bind together in a perfect volume. The Grindrod Museum is made up of thousands of specimens, first of the primitive rocks which, in the order of creation existed long before life began. Then of a series of animals which once upon a time lived in the sea, and, like animals of the present day, made love, formed marriage ties, brought children into the world, populated cities, (crannies in the rocks, if you prefer the phrase), had their quarrels and fought their battles, as good Christians did millions of years afterwards, and like certain modern tribes even ate each other. Here they are in table and drawersfull all keeping their own society, the

most curious and hard hearted collection of beings to be found except at a Board of Poor Law Guardians. Here is the representative of one of the oldest families in the world. It is called "Lingula" from a little tongue, proving that tongue existed from the first, as modern species of the female tribe prove that it will continue to the last. These large numbers of long queer looking and curiously marked beings are called—called—take your time, I can only give it you in inches—called *o-r-t-h-o-c-e-r-a-t-i-t-e-s* from *orthos*, right, and *ceros*, a horn (am I orthodox in my orthoepy?) These oddities were types of Dion Boucicault in the Colleen Bawn:—they took "tremendous headers" in the water, sometimes went out of their depth, but generally managed to float with their head above water, and to swallow up all opposition. Here is one nearly a yard long, woe to the "Danny Mann" that came in sight or sound of his horn. But here are the representatives of the most numerous family that ever populated sea or land—a race increasing in numbers and powers every day—the family of the BITES. These are species called Trilobites, from having three lobes or divisions of their shells. Though the oldest of this interesting family, they were the most harmless, while the human or two legged bite is the most dangerous. Of the latter, the best known specimens are found, it is said, in Yorkshire, (these are called Yorkshire Bites,) but interesting specimens may be found everywhere. Whoever undertakes to write the "Natural History of Bites," will readily find

specimens. Most men, to succeed in such a work, would require little more material than a true, honest investigation of themselves would supply. The most interesting specimens of bites may generally be seen by consulting a looking glass. But of all bites these Trilobites are certainly the most strange. Listen to the mournful stanzas of one of our poet naturalists, who in a moment of leisure, dashed off the following lines in memory of a member of a now extinct race of beings.

#### THE JOLLY YOUNG TRILOBITE.

“THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.”

Oh, did you ne'er hear of a jolly young Trilobite  
That lived in Siluria once on a time,  
And some years ago turned to stone in a terrible fright,  
And forgot all about the deeds done in his prime ;  
But harden'd and horny his tail no more wags,  
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

Some doubt as to what was the cause of his fright,  
Some say that the sea where he lived got too hot,  
Some say too cold, and some vanished quite ;  
But one thing is certain, whatever is not,—  
That harden'd and stony his tail no more wags,  
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

The jolly young fellow has had his day out,  
And doubtless once relished like others a spree,  
Made love to the Lingulas roaming about,  
Was lively and affable, funny and free,  
But hardened and slaty his tail no more wags,  
For he now lies entombed in the Lingula flags.

Here are drawerfuls of the aristocratic class of bites, with coats as brightly polished as a lady's tortoiseshell comb, most penetrating eyes, and wearing coronets of diamonds on their heads. I shall not attempt to give you all their names which are nearly as long as their own tails. These are the long tailed phacops (*Longicaudatus*) the most perfect specimens I believe known. It would take days to name and describe these bald-headed aldermanic bites, (*sphærexoc-us mirus*), or to read the various pages of the Geologic Book of Malvern, comprising Hollybush Sandstone, Black Shale, Llandovery, Woolhope, Wenlock, Lower Ludlow, Aymestry, Upper Ludlow, Downton Sandstone, Old Red, &c., all arranged and classified under their respective headings, so that with time, inclination, and a slight amount of the commodity known as brains, you may make the acquaintance of all, from the big worm of the Hollybush Sandstone, and the little trilobite of the Black Shale, to the curious fish of the Old Red Sandstone.

Let us now inspect living specimens. The gentleman wending his way in this direction with his lady, came to Malvern to get cured of heretical notions, and to be made orthodox. You stare! My dear sir, half the false teachings and foolish fanaticisms of the age are the result of dyspepsia, and a disordered nervous system. A pork pie lost Moscow to Napoleon. So intimate is the connection between our physical and mental organism, that a late supper, or extra ounce of cheese, has often sent a man to the stake. Now

this clergyman hates Pio Nono with as pious a hatred as one Christian gentleman could possibly feel for another, yet under the influence of disordered nerves, he has written some sermons that would gladden the heart of Cardinal Wiseman himself. On his arrival in Malvern, he thought, with Dr. Cumming, that the world could not possibly exist more than fifty years longer. After a sitz or two, he admitted that it might spin out sixty or seventy, and a douche convinced him that there was no telling when it would come to an end. Half the cases in our ecclesiastical, divorce, and even criminal courts, nay, half the crimes and follies for which we punish and despise our fellow creatures, have their origin in physical disease. I have known good men become scoundrels, and do the things which of all others they dreaded and detested, through a heated over-worked brain. I have known Dr. Grindrod to foretell the moral delinquency of a patient from the physical condition of his organism. And I have seen his prophecy but too truly realised. Poor Burns had an inkling of this when he wrote—

“ One thing must still be greatly dark.

The *reason* why they do it.

And just as lamely can you mark

How much, perhaps, they rue it.”

It is their knowledge of these facts, perhaps, that makes medical men more inclined than any other class to take Burns's advice.

“Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman.  
Though they may gang a kenin wrang,  
To step aside is human.”

Oh knowledge—knowledge of each other—give us that and we shall love and forgive each other. Without knowledge those specimens of geology would be but so many “old stones,” but knowledge makes them intensely interesting and highly valuable. So with mankind. But a truce to moralising and poetising. That tall gentleman is an illustration of the true poetry of life. He lost a large fortune in commercial speculations, and succeeded in building it up again by industry and perseverance, but broke up his constitution in doing so. The ups and downs of his nervous system are now of more importance to him than the rise or fall of stocks. This turn takes us to the billiard room. Let us have a game when these gentlemen have done. I like billiards. Hands, feet, and mind exercised together. I have heard some philosophers pity those who centred their whole minds on the course of a round ball. So do you. Nonsense man; why what is the world trying to do but to get *cues* from their neighbours, make lucky strokes (by cannon or otherwise), and *fill the pockets*. The gentleman striking the ball with such skill and grace is a proof that good and wise men can play. Once an officer in Her Majesty’s service, he changed the art of killing for the art of curing, wrote a capital little work on a branch of medical science, but *did* a thousand times better than he could

write, settled in Malvern a firm believer of hydropathy, a patient, friend, and admirer of Dr. Grindrod, and his partner in schemes for ameliorating the condition of his fellow men. Hear that punster inviting the clergyman to play, and assuring him that the game is quite *canonical*. Now the clerical is hunting his brain for a suitable reply but can't find it, therefore he reminds him, that punning is decidedly low. What is it after all but firing with a double-barrelled gun, or, as Hood says, "driving words in double harness." One of the best, the kindest, most English, aye most philanthropic gentleman in Malvern, is a most successful and inveterate punster. Like the gentleman at the billiard board, he is foremost in every philanthropic scheme, a particular friend as well as patient of the doctor's. Keen, cool, and wise, and yet a punster. Punning may be low, but most people would gladly stoop to it. Now for a walk around the terrace and grounds, a run to the top of the tower, from which you may behold one of the finest panoramas ever witnessed, and then for dinner. Never mind changing dress. Be clean, gentlemanly, and obliging, and you may wear at dinner any dress from a shooting frock to the uniform of a general. The Doctor is at the head of the table. Gentlemen lead at dinner, ladies at breakfast and tea. To develop the conversational powers of an Englishman give him a good dinner. To develop those of a lady give her the teapot and contradiction. Now for capital Malvern mutton, vegetables, fowls, puddings, pies, and water. Capital appetites and digestions, assisted by capital

stories, bonmots, anecdotes, &c. Mutton is the principal meat in Malvern. That young lady passing her plate for a fresh supply of lamb was only this morning admiring the dear innocent little thing on the hills, and wondering how butchers could be cruel enough to kill them. These ladies in black are the new arrivals, they are evidently surprised at the resemblance water-patients bear to other people and their dinner to other good dinners, save in the absence of wine, beer, and other artificial stimulants. Now there are people who have toiled and planned half their lives to have good and fashionable dinners, without ever having appetite enough to enjoy one. Cloth removed—now for light digestive conversation. The Doctor sternly opposes active exercise of either body or mind after dinner. He is also opposed to sleep, though some of his patients still take their accustomed forty winks. Others are off for drives, some for strolls, some for games of croquet, &c., others for books. Make your choice, you are sure to have partners in philosophy, music poetry, science, or nonsense. Here's a group discussing poetry. Our lady friend, of lamb-eating notoriety, is very sentimental and poetical, and as fond of Longfellow as of Lamb, and considers him equally tender. She affects the very acme of sentimentalism and dislikes all sacrilegious parodies on her favourite poems, the chief of which are Longfellow's *Excelsior* and Wordsworth's *Pet Lamb*. The young gentleman discoursing with her is a wag, and has parodies on both poems in his pocket, could he only shape the conversation so that he might read them.



Listen to him bringing her to the poetic mood. "How beautiful the hills looked this morning, Miss M——. The birds singing, the lambs bleating——" "And the donkies braying," chimes in that arch mischievous girl from Bath, whose complaint seems to be an overflow of sarcastic humour. "I wonder how you can talk so of nature's beauties," exclaims Harriet, our sentimental young lady, "for my part, I can never hear the birds sing without feeling my soul respond to 'the melodies of their woodnotes wild,' nor see even a daisy 'wee modest crimson-tipped flower,' without repeating some stanza to these poetic gems of nature, nor see a sweet innocent lamb without repeating Wordsworth's lines." "Do repeat them pray." The lady falls into the trap and recites with much feeling :—

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink.  
I heard a voice, it said, 'drink, pretty creature, drink.'  
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side."

"Beautiful! proceed."

'What ails thee, young one,' said she; 'why pull so at thy cord?  
Is it not well with thee, well both for bed and board?  
Thy plot of grass is soft and green as grass can be.  
Rest, little young one, rest. What is't that aileth thee?'"

"I have a small local production Miss M——, written in humble imitation of that, 'founded on an incident this morning.'" "Pray let us have it." "Here it is."

#### THE PET DONKEY.

The patient's came up fast from Malvern and the Link.  
I called in, as I passed St. Ann's, to get a drink,  
When looking through the door before me I espied  
A snow-white Malvern ass, with its driver by its side.

"What ails thee, donkey, to stop upon the road ?  
I gave thee all the bran I had, and this is thy first load.  
This stick of mine's not soft, but hard as stick can be.  
You may get over patients, but you don't get over me."

See the air of conscious genius with which he looks in her face for approval. The lady, of course, considers all such productions *infra dig.*, but again falls into the trap. "I thought of your favourite poet this morning, Miss M——, as I stood upon the hill over the Wytche. You remember the opening of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*—

"On the mountains of the prairie,  
On the great red sand-stone quarry—"

"You mistake, sir, it is the great red-pipe stone quarry."  
"Oh, so it is, I was thinking of the red sand-stone that Hugh Miller and the Doctor talk about. You like the poem of *Hiawatha*." "Oh, magnificent, but, as you heard me say before, I prefer 'Excelsior.'" "Would you kindly repeat it for us Miss M——." The young lady again complies and repeats the poem of *Excelsior*, hoping as she concludes that *that* at all events is beyond the reach of parody or criticism, and appeals to Mrs — to confirm her opinion of its excellence. The lady appealed to appears to be a shrewd judge in literary as well as other matters, and to possess a deep vein of quiet humour. "Well," she replied, "since you appeal to me for an opinion, I confess that I look upon the composition as a piece of sentimental lunacy. May I ask where was the young man going, where did he come from, or who was he, what was his object in carrying 'the banner with a strange device?' The poet might have given us some clue to these

mysteries, instead of which we are merely told that at nightfall a young man with strange appearance passed through an Alpine village, carrying a banner with 'Excelsior' written on it. An old man offers him shelter for the night, telling him of the tempests, torrents, and glaciers that beset his path, and even the maiden kindly invites him to 'stay and rest his weary head upon her breast,' an invitation which any young man of common sense would hesitate to refuse, but to which he only replies 'excelsior,' and goes off. In the morning, as might be expected, he is found dead in the snow. Had he passed through Malvern in such a state, some sensible person would have brought him to the Doctor, and the Doctor would have cooled his brain by a sitz or two, and sent him back to his friends to be better looked after in future. When Don Quixote sallied forth he had a nag to ride upon, an object to fight for, and windmills to fight with. So had Hudibras, but this unfortunate young man seems to have had nothing but a brain fever, a Latin phrase, and a piece of drapery tied to a pole. Mr.— I believe has a version which is a decided improvement." Mr.— acting upon the hint, draws from his pocket book, and reads a parody on Excelsior, which he had pencilled that morning during his walk to the Beacon, describing the desperate resolve of a young man labouring under dyspepsia, as a dernier resource, to journey down to Malvern, to try the water cure, the sundry warnings he received from his anxious friends and others before and during his eventful and perilous journey, the

anticipated dangers of the pack sheet and douche, his resolute perseverance in his design, and in the end the accomplishment of a "Perfect Cure," with the final triumphal shout—*Excelsior!* This parody, clever as it was, created no little disgust in the mind of the sentimental Harriet, who, as soon as possible, took an indignant departure from the unsympathising and unpoetical circle.

Let us move on while we pity poor Miss —. Numbers of these poetic squibs have been knocked off from time to time in Townshend House, indeed there might be an interesting collection made of Townshendiana. Many capital things of the sort are to be found in Paxton Hood's "Metropolis of the Water Cure." We shall now visit the patients' club room and library, but the whole house is simply a hydropathic club, the realization of what Sir E. B. Lytton was anxious to see established in London. Passing, we may notice the Doctor's library, which the patients use at will as their own, especially when requiring scientific or theological works. All things are pretty much in common, and the Doctor in these respects is himself a patient. Here is the picture of Priestnitz—this is Dalton, the scientific Quaker. The quiet gentleman amongst the books is the Doctor's medical assistant, a regularly qualified practitioner, clever and experienced, but too unassuming to kill people on his own account, however well and legally qualified to do so. These other gentlemen are patients of the over-worked brain class, whom the Doctor would rather see playing at battledore than poring over books. Tea time. Now don't be in a hurry to finish, for nothing short of clever diplomacy can procure you, after this, even a substitute for supper. Be prepared to listen to narratives

of pic-nics, drives, runs, falls, strange encounters, memorandums from note books, and "moving accidents by flood and field." Now evening prayers, and then till bed time each occupies the time as inclination decides. The company is now more numerous than at any previous time during the day. What is exciting the laughter of that merry group in the drawing room. Let us draw nigh and listen. Miss S. —, daughter of Sir G. S. —, a favourite with everybody, and as accomplished as she is good, is reading with wonderful humour *a novelette*. Now follows a round game of "historical questions." As at home, evening is most sacred to social harmony.

"When the candles are lit in the parlour,  
And the stars in the clear azure sky."

Here is one group for charades, another for chess. Some ladies ply their needles and conversation rapidly. Hush. Music. Mrs. Heman's "Better Land," followed by an interesting and well sustained conversation on the superior charms of sacred music, illustrated by selections from Handel, Mozart, &c. Now the young people regain possession of the piano for a catch. "Mr. Speaker," rendered "Mr. Doctor," and the Earl of Mornington's "Here in Cool Grot," followed by "Here in Cool Sitz," by our parodising friend, who styles himself the Earl of Evenington. So flies the evening. Bed time approaches. Those receiving the signal are for some refreshing bath before retiring to rest. Good night, good night. Reader, good night. May all your days passed in the busy bustling world, amidst the healthy and wealthy, be as happy as those spent by invalids inside the walls of Townshend House, Great Malvern. Good night.









